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IN THIS ISSUE

BASIL DAVENPORT
The Devil Is Not Dead

FRANK H. SIMONDS
Reviews "The Way of a Transgressor" by Negley Farson

DOROTHY THOMPSON
Reviews "Inside Europe" by John Gunther

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Reviews "The Hurricane" by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall

AGNES ROTHERY
Reviews "Sweden: The Middle Way" by Marquis W. Childs

Pinchot

NEGLEY FARSON

"The tale is not like Duranty's because, from start to finish, Duranty is an observer and his record that of a great journalist. Farson, by contrast . . . instinctively and inescapably becomes a participant in the great events he witnesses" . . . *(See page 5)*

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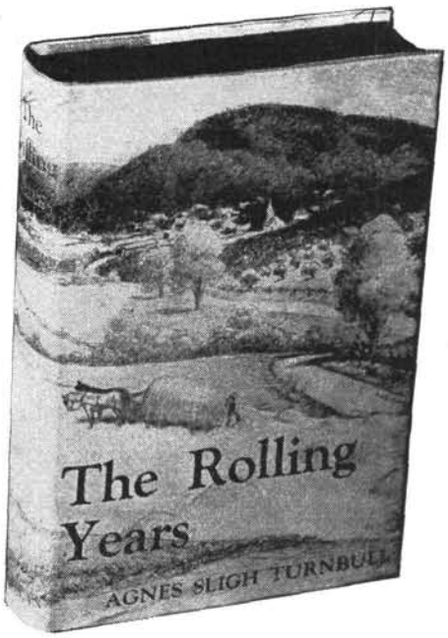

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The Devil Is Not Dead

BY BASIL DAVENPORT

"THE LONG TWILIGHTS AND THICK MISTS OF THE NORTH MAKE THE GHOST FEEL AT HOME."
Photographed for The Saturday Review *by Robert Disraeli.*

WHEN the hardy life of our great-grandparents, the prodigies they performed (to speak of no greater ones) in merely facing their dentists and their dinners, fill us with too shameful a sense of degeneracy, we have two comforting reflections to show that our nerves are after all as steady as theirs; we are not frightened by our own traffic or by their ghost stories. Who can read Scott's "The Tapestried Chamber" without yawning, or "The Mysteries of Udolpho" without laughing? And yet to Miss Catherine Morland this would be like yawning or laughing upon the rack. But the tortures of terror provided by our present-day authors are as much superior as mustard gas to anything known to the last century, one might almost say to the last generation. It is, when one stops to think, a surprising thing that the terrifying tale of the supernatural (the "ghost story" for short, though there may be no ghost in it, as there need be no fairies in fairy-tales), a form which certainly produces as intense an emotion as any kind of literature, should belong so exclusively to the last century, and to Northwestern Europe.

Ghosts, of course, have always been most at home in the Northern countries. It is true that there are a number of ghosts in Greek drama; but they mostly serve some incidental purpose of the dramatist's. In Euripides especially, the hardworking ghost takes the place of Sardou's servants dusting, in coming on at the beginning and relating the family affairs for the last generation or two. In Æschylus, the ghost of Darius and still more that of Clytemnestra are impressive, and yet they are hardly, to our feelings, supernatural; they are persons who by extraordinary strength of character have managed to revisit the earth, just as they were before, with none of the trailing clouds of purgatory that we feel about Hamlet's father. In any case, the ghost is not the essential part of South European folklore that he is in Scandinavia and the Teutonic countries. Southern and Eastern Europe produce vampires, werewolves, and witches, but not ghosts. The reason might well be investigated by the Psychical Research Society. Perhaps it is a matter of climate; the long twilights and thick mists of the North make the ghost feel at home. Perhaps the Mediterranean world still keeps the belief of the Greeks and Romans that the body is all-important. Homer says in the first book of the Iliad that the wrath of Achilles sent many *souls* of warriors to Hades, but *the warriors themselves* became a prey to dogs; and in the last book of the Odyssey that the souls of the slain suitors gibbered about Hermes as bats gibber in the secret place of the rock. Thus a man was so bound up with his body that his spirit, out of it, could be nothing but a fluttering little soul that could frighten no one.

But even in England, in spite of the inspiring example set by the Glamis Horror and other genuine haunters, there was no literature of terror until the end of the eighteenth century; the ghost story did not understand what it was trying to do until well into the nineteenth; and it did not learn how to do it effectively until almost within our own time. For the proper appeal of the ghost story is not to wonder or awe or pity or romanticism, but to Fear; and not to sympathetic fear for the inhabitants of a medieval castle in the Apennines, but to the purely personal fear of what might happen if one's door were to open slowly. It is a curious problem why we should enjoy being frightened out of our wits; but, then, it is a curious problem why we should enjoy making ourselves miserable over Lear or Hecuba; and when the ghost story is as old as tragedy, it may have inspired as many contradictory and unsatisfactory theories of how it purges the soul. The likeliest suggestion is that it exercises a fundamental emotion to which civilized life gives little stimulus. The same thing has been said of the crime story; and it is noteworthy that the *roman policier* began just when highwaymen were vanishing from the Great North Road, and foot-pads growing less common in Piccadilly, and the ghost-story began in the Age of Reason and continued in that of optimistic skepticism. When the Devil was dead, and God was good, and the fear of God a phrase, then the ghost story came into being to touch that old nerve that perceives, and fears, the supernatural. However that may be, we devotees who will wade through volumes of trash for the sake of one of those incomparable moments when one just begins to be aware *what* there is to be afraid of—moments which, like stepping into a hot bath or a cold one, are only to be described by those lines which ought to be by Swinburne and are by W. S. Gilbert.

When the pain that is all but a pleasure
shall change
To the pleasure that's all but pain

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

REFLECTIONS WHILE WORMING
By JAMES NORMAN HALL

GAUDY NIGHT
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS
Reviewed by Edith Hamilton

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—we know well enough that our ecstasy comes from fear. We can understand the voluptuary in Stevenson's "Suicide Club," who joined for the sheer excitement of risking his life, and who croaked "Envy me, sir, envy me: I am a coward!"

And yet it was long before the writers of ghost stories recognized that their business was with fear; and too many of them still confuse the terrifying with the merely nauseating. That is not what we ask for; it is too easy, and too extraneous. Any schoolboy who does not like the school dinner can purge our souls more emetically than all the waxworks of the "Castle of Udolpho." But this substitute continues to appear, not only in the disappointing pulp magazines which prove to shade from the disgusting to the openly sadistic, but even in so powerfully written a book as "The Werewolf of Paris." That is unquestionably effective; but what is its effect?

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

Ci-git Louis, ce pauvre roi;
L'on dit qu'il fut bon—mais à quoi?

Its effect is only that of a medical student spending three hundred pages in putting a freshman off his food. No, the physical side of ghost stories must be managed very carefully, or it becomes either revolting or grotesque and even comic. There is no story that begins better than "Dracula" (and thrice happy are we pre-talkie readers who were able to read it without knowing until the author's slow revelation of it, that Count Dracula was a vampire!) and the moment when the hero cuts himself because there is an image of the count in his shaving-mirror, and the count licks his lips uncontrollably, the other moment when the hero tries to escape from the castle and finds the courtyard full of wolves, are treasures of memory; but when Bram Stoker tunes his screaming pitch higher and higher, when they begin hunting down Dracula with wild garlic and crucifixes and stakes and lead seals and the Host, one is uneasily reminded of that other hunting, that of the Snark, when

BRAM STOKER

They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care,
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway-share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

Nevertheless, those purists are mistaken who would refuse the ghost any physical power, and limit him to being a Psychic Force or Spiritual Manifestation of Evil. Stephen Leacock remarks drily, "In the nineteenth century, Hell was discovered to be a place of moral anguish. That finished Hell." And if the ghost, or demon, or elemental, or whatever takes the place of the Devil for us, ever becomes a Purely Psychic Phenomenon, that will finish him too. Some of the keenest shocks we have had are at those points where a story which has built up an atmosphere of brooding wickedness discharges some of it in one sharp physical blow, as the presence of electricity in the air first rasps the nerves before it concentrates itself into lightning.

Do you remember "Count Magnus" by the great Dr. M. R. James? The innocently inquisitive English traveller hears so much of the dead Count Magnus, who seems to have been a sorcerer, that he more than once says aloud that he would like to see him; and, as it happens, says so outside the mausoleum where is the count's tomb. The first time he visits the tomb he finds that it is fastened by two padlocks, and a third is lying broken on the ground; when he makes a farewell visit he observes, without thinking of it, that another padlock had broken. "You may have been a bit of rogue, Magnus," he says, "but for all that I should like to see you, or rather—" To continue in his own words, "Just at that instant, I felt a blow on my foot. Hastily enough I drew it back, and something fell on the pavement with a clash. It was the last of the three padlocks which had fastened the sarcophagus." One can read "Count Magnus" a dozen times and still feel one's instep flinch and one's neck prickle at that blow. And in the same author's "Casting the Runes," do you remember when the hero put his hand under his pillow for his watch, and met "a mouth, with teeth, and hair about, and, he declares, not the mouth of a human being"?

Even the nauseating, if it is not introduced for its own sake but is subordinated to some greater effect, can be raised to the horrifying. It has its place in tragedy, in the blinding of Gloucester and the blinding of Œdipus, and why not in the ghost story? One would not give up the conical pocks dug into the sand, and the corpses, of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows," or in Mr. Arthur Machen's "The Black Seal," the conjuring scene where the idiot boy's back shoots out a snaky pseudopod, or—greatest climax of all in the blending of physical and spiritual horror,—the end of "The White Powder," in the same volume, where Wyn Leicester, still living and malevolent, deliquesces through the floor.

ARTHUR MACHEN

The error of the Gothic novelists was not so much that their means were crude as that they made their surroundings too remote, and their heroes and heroines too romantic and unintelligent. The Provost of Eton, Dr. M. R. James, who has relaxed from scholarship by writing a greater number of consistently first-rate ghost stories than any one else, well says that the reader ought to feel "If I am not very careful, something of this sort may happen to *me!*" That, since the appeal is to fear, he certainly should, and in the stories of our time, he may. One might even go to Hungary to be secretary and English tutor to a count with a name like Dracula; but one is mercifully guaranteed against the risk of being oneself a vaguely medieval count of Otranto, or a young lady resident in an Italy which exists nowhere but in the Grand School of painting, or most of all, a German student who has discovered the elixir of life. That is the shortcoming of even Poe, the earliest writer whose stories can produce any emotion in a modern reader. They are, certainly, written with such real magic that they work their spell once. Poe will never fill the cynical definition of a classic, "an author whom every one admires and no one reads"; but he is an author whom one admires, and reads, and does not reread, because his gentlemen, Byronically situated, epileptically afflicted, and romantically married, to a Ligeia, a Morella, a Berenice, a Lady Rowena Trevanion of Tremaine, cannot share their perils with us.

HENRY JAMES

And these Gothic personages, these Manfredos and Emilias and Frankensteins, are remote from us not only by their romantic stations, but by their highly romantic want of common sense. I read "Fran-

(*Continued on page* 18)

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He Wrote What He Lived

THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR. By Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

NEGLEY FARSON has heard "the revelly from Bir to Bareilly." In the World War as an airman flying for Great Britain he fought and crashed in Egypt. In the era of American neutrality as an agent of American business he saw the collapse of Imperial Russia. In the post-war period, as a correspondent of an American newspaper he saw the Afridis come through Khyber Pass and was present at the daylight arrest of Gandhi. His story of the battle between Poles and Ukrainians once filled the news columns not only in America but in Europe as well.

Like Walter Duranty, Farson has now put down his story in a book and, save for Duranty's, no other book that I have read this year, has seemed to me so absorbingly interesting. Sitting down to read it at three o'clock, I finished it at midnight with unflagging interest. In itself the tale is not like Duranty's because, from start to finish, Duranty is an observer and his record, that of a great journalist. Farson, by contrast, although his success as a foreign correspondent was outstanding and, at the end, he rose to hold the post of London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, instinctively and inescapably becomes a participant in the great events he witnesses.

NEGLEY FARSON
In the Royal Flying Corps uniform.

The thing about this book which is unique is the enormous zest for life and adventure which it discloses. The small boy, raised in a New Jersey village under the shadow of that old General Negley, who was "something at Chickamauga," a magnificent and incurable gambler in futures, now rich, now poor, but never quiescent, is moved from the very start by a spirit of adventure. Before college, in college, after college, the *Wanderlust* is with him. In early youth it takes him down the Delaware and into the waters of Chesapeake bay, among river pirates and into storm and shipwreck.

Accident gives the author a chance to succeed in the fierce competition of the contemporary world as the salesman and salesmanager of truck manufacturers in the Chicago jungle, but success only sharpens the appetite for authentic adventure. Driven abroad, he lingers long enough in pre-war England to catch a memorable glimpse of a world of security and stability, and then the war sends him upon the greatest of all his adventures which is an excursion to Russia, there to act as agent of American business in the years which saw the disintegration of deliquescent Czardom.

The picture of that Russia, which was doomed, the atmosphere of corruption, decay, venality, and violence, supplemented by the later sketch of the actual end of the regime, is one of the most vivid and memorable I have ever encountered. Lockhart has told much of it, but Lockhart was restrained measurably by the fact that he was a "British Agent." Farson, by contrast, was in it all. He gives you not only the "feel" but also the "smell" of a decaying system and the tang of gunpowder is in his tale of street fighting. John Reed was his friend.

Sharply against this Russian background is sketched the picture of Egypt in war time, the vision of the desert to the young flyer, the initial experiences of the airman ending in the crash which was to entail years of misery, an endless hegira from hospital to hospital and from operating-table to operating-table, with all the agony insufficient to destroy the eager hunger and thirst for new adventure.

Between the experience of a soldier in the World War and the service in the ranks of the reporters of the post-war world, there is an interlude during which Farson, newly married, took his wife to the wilds of British Columbia. In the description of this experience, too, there is, again, the same quality which permits the reader to derive a sense not of having heard about it second-hand but of having been there when it happened.

Beyond the wilderness, too, lies the career of a foreign correspondent, the picture of post-war Europe, of the recovery which was not recovery, of the survival of old evils and the rapid development of new which were destined to make the post-war world only a prelude to another catastrophe. No picture of the after-war Continent could be more impressive than that implicit in Farson's story of his voyage with his wife from Holland to the Black Sea in a tiny craft, which mounted the Rhine and the Main, descended the Danube to its mouth, and thus criss-crossed the frontiers of friction of an Old World during the tragically brief period between wars.

After this voyage years of wandering follow, years summarized, before they are described, as follows:

> For the next ten years I watched the world come to bits. For the first six years I was not in any one country for over six months. I talked with Dictators, I shot the great fin-whale with the dean of Norwegian gunners, I sat with Gandhi under his mango tree at Karadi, and I went up to Lossiemouth, to talk with Ramsay MacDonald, at "The Hillocks," after the fall of the British Labor Party government. I watched ten years of Conferences fulsomely announce that they had "agreed on all major points," and then collapse. After an absence of seven years I made a trip back to my own country, to sit with the strikers, listen to the wails of my taxable friends, talk with the drought-stricken farmers and cowboys of the Dakotas, to see if America was really getting a new sense of values under Roosevelt. I talked with Roosevelt in the White House and had a private view of John Dillinger, naked on the slab, after he had been shot. I watched Stalin review the Red Army in the Red Square. I met some great men such as Roosevelt and Gandhi. And I met some *good* men, such as Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, and George Lansbury. The strongest Englishman I met was Stanley Baldwin.
>
> But for the rest of the world's public figures I am still waiting to see their retribution which is so long overdue.

Farson's book is not history, just as the report of his travels is not geography. Journeying with him over Europe and through conferences and revolutions, the reader discovers no explanation of events and no elucidation of policies. But nowhere have I encountered a more vivid or more absorbing record of how people actually felt in moments which will one day be reduced to dry historical proportions and become at once unrecognizable to those who lived them and intelligible to those who stayed at home. Duranty called his book "I Write As I Please," Farson, I think, should have called his "I write what I have lived."

The foregoing review is the last written for The Saturday Review *by Mr. Simonds before his death.*

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European Case Histories

INSIDE EUROPE. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHY THOMPSON

THIS volume by John Gunther, London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News,* a paper whose foreign staff is exceptionally distinguished, is an indispensable book for every person who wants to understand contemporary Europe. I use the word "indispensable" advisedly. The book to date has no rival. Walter Duranty's "I Write As I Please" is a fascinating memoir and treatise on the art and technique of journalism, heartily to be recommended, but it does not begin to have the scope of this book. The Unofficial Observer's "Our Lords and Masters" has the scope, but its bias is plain, and although it is often a superb display of pyrotechnics, it is most fascinating where it is least likely to be authoritative.

Mr. Gunther's book is altogether less personal than the first and more detached and more scholarly than the second. The amount of material which he has assimilated, selected, and compressed inside two covers is prodigious. A very large proportion of it—his own estimate is two-thirds—is first-hand evidence, and he has the advantage of an exceptional memory. But a great deal of journalism is collaborative, the result of continual association and consultation with other observers—scholars, diplomats, politicians, and journalists—and Mr. Gunther who has, perhaps, as many friends as any American in Europe has had this advantage, too. For many years he has had a special assignment as roving reporter for the *Chicago Daily News,* and it took him nearly everywhere. But he has also had other years stationed for many months at a time in important centers. And while he has travelled, observed, and noted, during these eleven years, he has also read widely and in numerous languages. He appends a bibliography of eighty odd volumes on current affairs at the end of the book. "Inside Europe," therefore, is a thick, meaty volume of nearly 500 pages, carefully worked over, and closely written. It would be difficult to find a sentence which could be deleted without definite loss. It is a great big portion of reading.

But lest the lay reader be dismayed by this, let me add that it is a very exciting book. Mr. Gunther is not only passionately interested in journalism and the world he lives in; he is passionately interested in the art of writing. And he would agree, I think, with Alexander Woollcott who said to me the other day, "I have come to the conclusion that the whole secret of style is to be able to say precisely what you mean." The charge against journalism has always been sloppy writing and the use of the cliché. It isn't only the material which makes this book good reading. It is the admirable way in which it is written. Mr. Gunther is warmly to be congratulated.

Primarily, he is interested in the personalities dominating the European picture today, and the explanation and significance of their emergence. He builds up the personalities in three ways: First, by describing them in categories of meticulous detail. No fact however trivial that he knows is disregarded without consideration—what they read, eat, wear; how they talk, love, shave, and, importantly, how they have been behaving since childhood.

He has performed a miracle in the careful recording of the personal behavior of

Eugene Hutchinson
JOHN GUNTHER

scores of personalities whose names are all over our newspapers. Against this pattern of a man behaving he puts the background of his country, its politics, its problems, its history, its woes. And time and again he fixes the total effect of the personality in a memorable phrase. I would give a good deal to have thought of calling Adolf Hitler "a blob of ectoplasm." It could hardly be improved on. It suggests in two words a personality at once blurred and soft, yet sinister and magical, something mystical but questionable, moving but phony, other-worldly but manipulated. And it reminds me immediately of a fact which Mr. Gunther, remarkably enough, does not perhaps know; that the Austrian village of Braunau which produced Mr. Hitler also produced the two most sensational clairvoyants of modern Europe—the brothers Rudi and Willi Schneider.

I was in Austria in 1933 when Mr. Hitler had just come into power in Germany, and I remember that Mr. Gunther spent weeks carefully hunting down every possible detail about the childhood of Germany's Man of Destiny. He visited every village which had a record of his youth, and of his family. No other journalist, except Marcel Fodor of the *Manchester Guardian* who hunted with him, collected so many curiosa. He talked with Hitler's godfather, with the proprietor of the pub in which Hitler *père* died, to the midwife who "hauled his infant body from his mother's womb." He knows that he comes from a community "honest, God-fearing, illiterate, and heavily inbred," that his mother was his father's cousin, that his father died of a stroke induced by alcohol, that his mother was much younger than his father, and that the latter was tyrannical; that one of his first cousins is a congenital defective. Other journalists have said that Hitler is a neurotic genius, but Mr. Gunther puts together a case history. There is no peep-show business about it. It is conscientious, first-rate journalism, and extremely fascinating.

He has humor, and always notes the amusing detail. It does not escape him that Hitler's bodyguards are named "Schraub and Schreck" (Screw and Frighten, literally translated), though he attaches no importance to this. The detail and the precise phrase fix a personality as vividly as a Steichen photograph. Here, for instance, is Leon Blum:

> In the shadowy loveliness of the oldest part of Paris, the Ile St. Louis, which rises like an ancient monitor in the Seine, where Villon lived, and Abelard, and Voltaire, there still survive a few noble and ancient mansions—*hotels particuliers.* In one of them . . . lapped by the grey, incessant water lives a rich and fastidious recluse, a Jew of almost intolerable cultivation, précieux, sophisticated to his slim, elegant finger tips—Leon Blum, the leader of the orthodox socialist party of the French Republic.

Or Manuel Azana:

> . . . Closer you would have seen an interesting face—big jowls, frog-like eyes, a complexion like green dough. Also you would have seen a beard which looked a little strange. And with reason. It was false. . . . No one would have believed it if you had said that in two years Don Manuel Azana was to be Prime Minister of Spain.

The total effect of these descriptions is to people the scene with actual faces and figures. The reader would recognize the characters if he should see them in the couloirs of Geneva. It is all very vivid, and very exciting. And across the pages move hundreds of such persons.

But not only persons. Here is the account of the Reichstag Fire Trial, as fascinating as a well-told detective story, with the most plausible explanation of the case which I have yet read. Here is the Stavisky case, the repercussions of which are not yet over in France. Here is

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the account of the assassination of Dollfuss, and the abortive Nazi putsch, which Mr. Gunther covered. The stories are not put in only because they are interesting, although they are. But they are fitted in carefully, into the picture of the whole of contemporary Europe, to help answer for the reader questions like: Will there be fascism in France? Will there be war? Mr. Gunther goes slowly on prophecy, but no one can possibly read this book without being infinitely more *en rapport* with the whole outlook for the next period than he was before he read it.

I wish all our own conservatives, or those who think they are, would read the chapters on England. Mr. Gunther knows who is really important in Britain and who merely seems to be.

> Geoffrey Dawson, the editor of *The Times*, is certainly one of the ten most important men in England.
>
> The Civil Service is the incorruptible spinal column of England.
>
> The ruling classes employ propaganda far more artful than any dreamed of by Dr. Goebbels. . . . Censorship is by . . . voluntary conspiracy.

He introduces a fascinating list of the real forces and players in the broad arena of British political life, and they include items such as these:

> The non-conformist conscience.
> The decline in the birth rate.
> The open forum in Hyde Park.
> Letters to the *Times*.
> The formidable severity of English law.
> Ingrained pacifism in the younger men.
> The fantastic number of humanitarian societies.
> The high salaries of judges, members of the cabinet, and ambassadors.

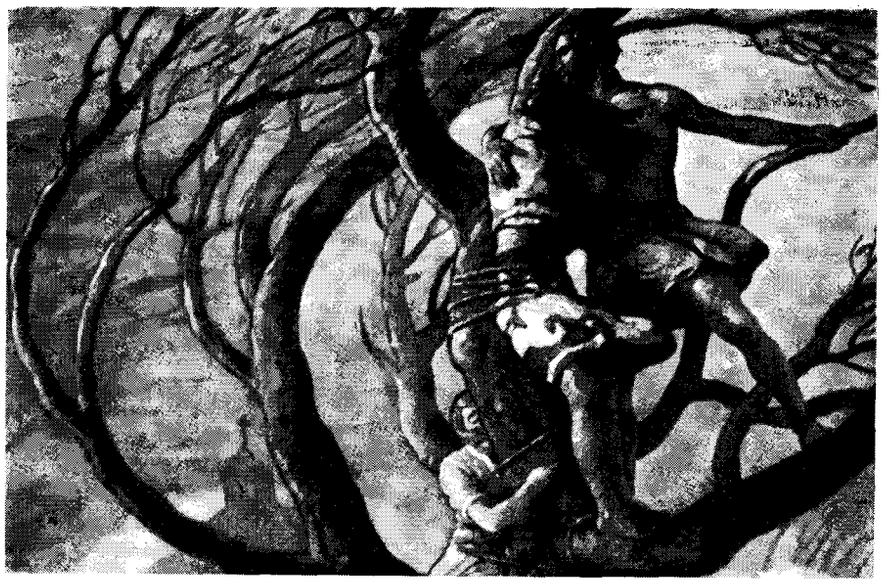
He knows that the late King hung on his study wall the maxim—

> Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor over spilt milk.

He remembers that Mr. Baldwin assessed himself, anonymously, after the war, a capital levy, to help retire the public debt. (Page our own champions of Coolidgeism.) And he does not think it at all unimportant that Anthony Eden's two brothers, one a boy of sixteen, were killed in the war.

It is difficult to make a distinction between amusing or juicy gossip and facts of genuine significance. Mr. Gunther is shrewd in his selections, and this, together with the impressiveness of his material, gives the book its quality.

On the whole, the book is remarkably even. The chapters on Hitler and Germany seem to me least satisfactory. The Blob of Ectoplasm is elusive. Despite the prodigious assemblage of detail the character of the movement does not quite emerge. Stalin is exceptionally well done, although I wish Mr. Gunther had avoided the categorical statement: "Give Russia ten years of peace and it will be the most powerful country in the world." Powerful in what sense? Powerful in war, where it will probably eventually be tested? The statement is open to skepticism.



JACKET DESIGN BY N. C. WYETH FOR "THE HURRICANE"

All Night Narrative

THE HURRICANE. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NORDHOFF and Hall have made the South Pacific real to many, from Pitcairn Island to the Great Barrier Reef. They now follow their great saga of the *Bounty* and her men with a story of today, cast as fiction but having all the force and terror of fact. It is told somewhat in the Conrad tradition, an all-night narrative by the grizzled Breton doctor who has been for fifteen years the medical officer of a group of coral islands. It will very likely send some of us back to reread *Typhoon*, but I hope I am not silly enough to suggest comparisons. This story does not percolate through such finely meshed commentary, ironic and philosophized, as was Conrad's habit. But its clear simplicity is its peculiar merit, and I rather think it takes its place alongside the great storm-pieces. There will hardly be a reader, if he should chance to encounter the book on a night of wind, who will not anxiously wish to consult a barometer.

I have the strongest resentment, when reading a tale of this kind, against any sort of spoilsport information beforehand. Even the hints publishers give by pictorial jacket and come-on copy are, for me, too much. To anyone who still retains any freshness of curiosity, any childlike delight and savor of being told a story, it is damnable to be tipped off in advance. All that the reader needs (or wishes) to know is given by the authors in a few preliminary words. Their story concerns the Tuamotu Group, known to geographers as the Low (or Dangerous) Archipelago. It is a string of coral reefs and islets scattered over a thousand miles of ocean, east of Tahiti, south of the Marquesas. They are under the French flag; inhabited by a few thousand Polynesians; mere fringes of coral rock, enclosing wide lagoons; sparsely sprinkled with soil and coconut trees; never more than a few hundred yards wide. They rise only a few feet above sea-level. At Manukura, the island of this tale, the vast lagoon seems "to stretch away to infinity, to be metamorphosed at last into sound: a faint unceasing thunder, as though the stream of Time itself were pouring over the brink of an abyss." This is the sound of the great Pacific rollers shattering on the coral reefs, and gives the prescient reader his necessary twinge of foreboding.

And into the lagoon of Manukura, in the sunset of a calm day, comes the little schooner *Katopua*, these islands' only regular communication among themselves and with the outside world. She carries, as passenger, a young French official—perhaps a new Administrator, we are not told—who expresses his horror at the solitude and desolation of the place. But Dr. Kersaint, who knows these atolls well and has found in them a sense of reality the European world never gave, tells him that Manukura, now only a mass of tumbled coral slabs and patches of scrub, was a few years ago the seat of administration for the archipelago, beautiful and gaily inhabited.

What happened to Manukura, and how the tragic impasse of civil discipline pitted against an island outlaw hero was solved by the ocean herself, is Dr. Kersaint's narrative. I shall not forestall you with more than that. The story is wise and kind, witty in character-drawing, horrible in power, superbly told.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Books and the Radio

WE return to the dismal prophecy, made recently, that it is only a question of time before the radio puts an end to good reading, and specifically to the novel. In our opinion this is nonsense, and for several good reasons.

What the radio actually is doing, is to give back to the human voice the telling of stories and the narrating of events. This is where story-telling, pure and simple, belongs. It was always a face-to-face or mouth-to-ear affair, until writing and afterward print interfered. The best story-telling was, and is, oral. The best tales are told tales, designed for an immediate effect, where the voice readily does what written style accomplishes with such difficulty, and is so sure to be ineffective unless a master hand moulds the diction. The finest written narratives are with few exceptions based upon traditional sources which were originally, in every instance, oral. Indeed story-telling as such would never have taken to writing if the teller could have been sure of a large enough audience within range of his voice. He would never have taken the trouble to write his stories down.

Once the writer began to write and the printer began to circulate his writing through areas far beyond his personal contacts, a new art began, the art of fiction, the art of reflective or interpretative poetry, the art of sophisticated drama. But print and writing took simple story-telling along in their baggage. The bard and minstrel disappeared, leaving only the anecdotist and wisecracker, the degenerates of a great tradition. Popular stories were told in print. Now the radio is giving back story-telling to the story tellers, who trust to the oldest medium of communication. Their art is still imperfect, for the radio waves cannot yet be trusted to carry the human voice in all its intonations, can seldom be trusted with the feminine voice; and facial expression, that first-aid of the story teller, is still omitted from the equation. Nevertheless, the radio, far from interfering with literature, has restored to popular narrative its proper medium, and given to the voice of the story teller the one facility it lacked—carrying power beyond the range of hearing unaided by the machine.

But to suppose that the book is to be supplanted by the radio is to assume that we are going to be content with story-telling. A novel is not story-telling, though it begins by being a story. A novel is a highly complex erection of the intellect in which are woven strands of emotion and of thinking which only the leisure of writing can devise. A good novel can be read aloud successfully only under congenial circumstances. Its complicated material needs both eye and ear for quick understanding. But the eye usually runs faster than the ear, hence heard fiction drags for the habitual reader, even when it is too speedy for the hearing. No radio audience will ever be patient with a real novel read chapter by chapter over the air. A fully developed novel (and the same is true of history, of drama, of most poetry) is enriched from those powers to think which are the privilege of a writer who does not have to recite his work. He has time to build up the events of his story-telling into three dimensions. It is quite impossible to read such a book over the radio, because the hearer is perfectly sure to want it faster than it can be read, or slower—more usually slower. In a radio delivery there is for the hearer no turning back the pages, no allowance for misunderstanding, for the author no leisure to play about the subject, no refinement of phrase without the risk of puzzling the audience. The radio will do increasingly what books have tried to do in default of the living voice of the story teller. It will occupy the marginal areas into which books entered because the old race of bards and minstrels and fireside tale tellers no longer could function in an expanded world. It will narrow the field of the books, but it cannot possibly take the place of the written word.

Indeed, the radio may do a great deal to restore good reading, which suffers now more from diffusion than from lack of material. It is a commonplace that we all read too much print. It is not so obvious, yet equally true, that the mere amount of reading in sight distracts the mind from good reading. For good reading always requires some effort. It may be a heightening of the emotions, it may be an exercise of the mind, it may be merely concentration. Whatever is required, the books, newspapers, magazines, among which we move like men in a snow storm of print, distract us from doing it. Why did our educated ancestors get so much from the Greek and Roman classics? Because they had to work for what they got. Why do we retain so little from most of our reading? Because so much of it is come-easy-go-easy, thinned to the last dilution or thin by nature. By a Gresham's law of literature such debased currency invariably drives out the more valuable coin.

In all probability the radio—pocket, auto, and library table—will eventually take over much, though by no means all, so-called light fiction of the rental-library variety, leaving the better books a freer field to attract good readers. Many Westerns, many boy-and-girl stories, many detective stories, most sermons on economics and politics, most books that comment on current events, most popular science, all simple lyric and narrative poetry, will find a happy home on the radio.

What would be left would be real books. The radio can talk about them, but not give them. They must be written—and read.

Dividends from a Poet Robert Frost, who has been appointed Charles Eliot Norton Lecturer in Harvard, has for ten years been Professor of Literature at Amherst, where he has exercised and will continue to exercise a deep influence. This is a signal instance of how the unremunerative profession of poetry can be made to yield a living wage for the poet and at the same time pay dividends to education from the rich capital of the poet's mind. For as we understand the terms of Mr. Frost's appointments, he is engaged not as a routine teacher of literature, but as a poet and critic who, without prejudice to his creative activities, has something definite to contribute to students of literature. His presence in an institution designed for teaching and research is in itself a reminder that literature is not only an affair of words, but of men. This is the proper way in which to establish true relationships between the scholar and the creator in the humanities.

Ten Years Ago

In The Saturday Review for February 6, 1926, Theodore M. Purdy, Jr. reviewed "A Warning to the Curious, and Other Ghost Stories" by M. R. James and recommended the volume for its "*particularly horrifying, and therefore admirable*" contents. He pointed out that at that time the "*very special cult writing and reading this type of work*" was stronger in England than America. He added that if Mr. James did not "*always produce an effect so completely frightening as Blackwood, nor so hauntingly mysterious as Machen,*" he excelled both "*in his directness and grip on reality.*"

Today

Basil Davenport writes in his article in this issue: "*Dr. M. R. James . . . has relaxed from scholarship by writing a greater number of consistently first-rate ghost stories than anyone else.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *A Report on Rural Reading; Library Service on Trains*

What Farm Families Read

SIR:—Several months ago we asked permission to reprint in *The Farmer* the letter of Mr. Alan Devoe ["Wanted: Rural Book News"] which appeared in *The Saturday Review* for June 15, 1935, which permission you were kind enough to grant. The letter was reprinted in the December 7th issue of *The Farmer* with a request for the expression of opinion on the part of readers, and an offer of $1.00 for each letter published and ten books for ten other selected letters.

The response totalled 113 letters. They came from Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, and Montana. 33 were in definite agreement with Mr. Devoe's conclusions, 53 were in disagreement; 27 writers confined their discussions to recitals of their own experience. However, of the 53 in disagreement, many contended that the distinction between city and country was unfair and that the average city dweller was also a non-reader.

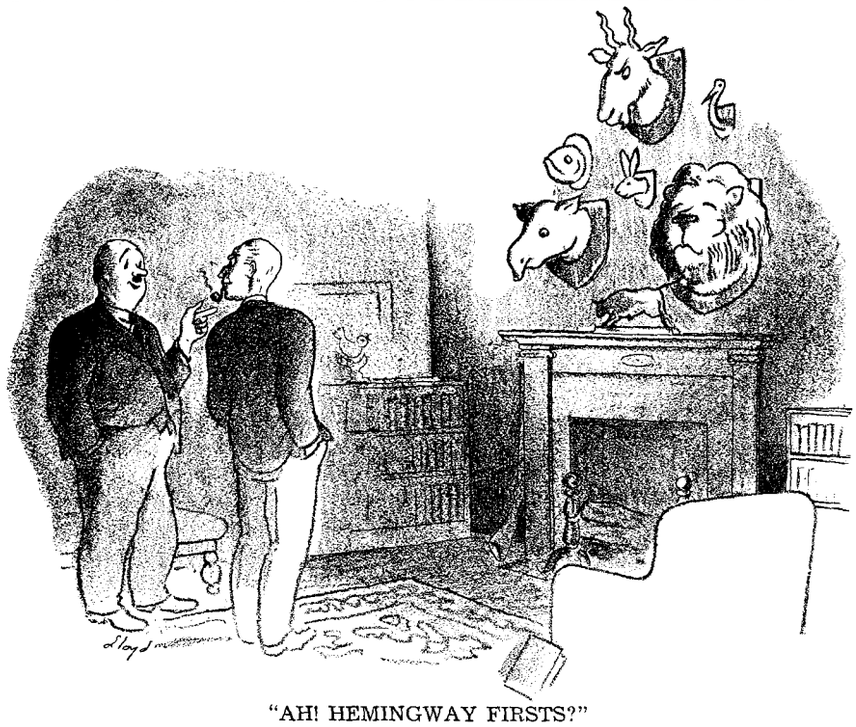
A breakdown and analysis of the contents of these letters reveals many interesting and significant facts. In the letters there were 350 specific references to books and authors. Leading the list is Bess Streeter Aldrich, to whom and to whose books 22 direct references were made. Mrs. Aldrich is followed by H. G. Wells, the Bible, Zane Grey, and Gene Stratton-Porter, each of whom was mentioned in ten letters. Next in order comes Pearl Buck, with nine references, to be followed by Shakespeare, Dickens, and Lloyd C. Douglas, with seven each. After them, with lesser counts, come O. E. Rölvaag, Edna Ferber, Robert Louis Stevenson, Booth Tarkington, Sinclair Lewis, Mark Twain, Kathleen Norris, Theodore Dreiser, and so on, with the same variety extending through the entire list. The following table shows the distribution of the references:

Modern novels	70
Older popular fiction	62
Classics and standard works	59
Recent popular fiction	57
Recent non-fiction	45
Miscellaneous reference books	18
Bible and religious books	15
Poetry	13
Modern adventure	11
	350

To indicate the classifications more clearly, "modern novels" include such titles as "Anthony Adverse," "As the Earth Turns," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," etc. "Older popular fiction" includes such authors as Gene Stratton-Porter, James Oliver Curwood, George Barr McCutcheon. "Recent popular fiction" includes Bess Streeter Aldrich, Kathleen Norris, Lloyd C. Douglas, and Joseph C. Lincoln. "Recent non-fiction" includes such titles as "Life Begins at Forty," "North to the Orient," "Life With Father," "New Frontiers," and "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs." In "modern adventure" are included the books of such authors as Frank Buck, Richard Halliburton, and Lowell Thomas. "Poetry" ranges from Burns, Tennyson, and Bryant to Carl Sandburg and Edgar A. Guest.

In short, the range and variety seems to be as manifold and unpredictable as any cross-section of American life anywhere, with possibly a higher percentage of older popular novels.

PAUL C. HILLESTAD.
Webb Book Publishing Co.,
St. Paul, Minn.



"AH! HEMINGWAY FIRSTS?"

A Chance for a Small Library

SIR:—Some time in March I shall move from the house in which I have been living for ten years into a much smaller place and, like most readers, find myself encumbered with too many books. I have been a subscriber to several book clubs and have also chosen numerous books for myself, besides receiving them for Christmas, and I now offer some fifty volumes (practically all of fairly recent date) to any small library which can use them and is willing to pay transportation charges. A list of these books will be furnished on request, if accompanied by a stamped envelope.

DOROTHY H. AVERY.
P. O. Box 336,
Morganton, N. C.

Books on Trains

SIR:—I read with interest the Bowling Green's suggestion in regard to Books on Trains. The Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railway has long provided books for its passengers. The last time I traveled on the Olympian I remember being pleasantly surprised by the good selection of current books in the observation car.

Library service was inaugurated by the Milwaukee Railroad at least ten or eleven years ago. It is still maintained on the "crack" trains: The Olympian, The Pioneer, The Hiawatha, The Sioux, The Arrow, and The Columbian.

DOROTHEA HEINS, *Librarian.*
Aberdeen, S. D.

William Tudor

SIR:—I am writing the history of the Tudors in New England, and am anxious to get some trace of the papers of William Tudor from 1775 to 1819. He was Judge Advocate General of the Continental Forces during the Revolution until 1778-9, an aide to Washington, and member of the latter's military family; later Secretary of State in Massachusetts, etc., and a public benefactor to his city; one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society, charter member of the Boston Atheneum, promoter of the theatre, etc. Possibly his papers and letters were sold in 1864 at the time of his son Frederic's death, along with his sword. I shall be glad of any information leading to the ownership of these letters. Kindly address me at 57 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

ROSAMOND TUDOR.

Anne Dudley Bradstreet

SIR:—I am collecting material for a biography of Anne Dudley Bradstreet, the first American poetess, born in Northhampton, England, 1612; died in North Andover, Massachusetts, 1672. I should be most grateful if any of your readers who are in possession of letters or other manuscripts by or relating to her or her immediate family would permit me to examine and copy such manuscripts, which I will do with the greatest care and appreciation.

ELIZABETH WADE WHITE.
107 Prospect St.,
Waterbury, Conn.

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How Sweden Does It

SWEDEN: THE MIDDLE WAY. By Marquis W. Childs. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by AGNES ROTHERY

A WORLD possibly saved, possibly lost, but certainly confused by capitalists and communists: by Nazis and Fascisti: by New Dealers and Townsendites must regard with interest a country which manages its currency, stabilizes its prices, lowers its taxes, eliminates slums and illiteracy while unbrokenly progressing in the arts and sciences.

Sweden cannot serve the rest of the world as a precise model. She is too small, too happily homogeneous. She is too removed—geographically and temperamentally—from alien influence. But what she has done and is continuing to do in social legislation, in coöperation, in state control of public utilities, is worthy of respectful study. It is such study that Marquis Childs accords it in "Sweden: The Middle Way."

Mr. Childs gives an excellent exposition of the coöperative movement which is so thoroughly widespread throughout Sweden that it affects all branches of production, distribution, and consumption, and is tangibly evidenced everywhere from the magnificent Three Crown Flour Mill at the entrance to Stockholm harbor to a plated teaspoon for sale in some small coöperative shop in an Arctic village. The entire population has been educated to understand that "only consumers themselves, banded together in their own self-interest, could curb the greed of monopoly," and to support "a system based upon production for use rather than for profit." Coöperation is applied to Building and Housing Societies, to Insurance and Saving Societies of every variety, and has been adapted to serve agriculturists, tenants, and manufacturers. Mr. Childs traces how the Coöperative Union broke a domestic rubber combine which was making a profit of sixty percent—in one year seventy-seven percent—on every pair of galoshes (a necessity in a country like Sweden) and brought the price down to exactly one half. Incidentally, it has gone on to the manufacture of automobile tires at the rate of 50,000 a year. He gives the history of its even more ambitious attack upon an international electric light bulb monopoly, resulting in a lamp made by the Coöperative Union which not only sells for about a third less than that made by the trust, but burns for 500 hours longer.

The book goes on to outline the principle and practice of state ownership of forest lands and other basic natural resources, and explains when and why the government competes against or combines with private ownership. Since the objective is always to prevent a monopoly of necessities and to give the lowest possible rates to the consumer, "private and public power plants are in many instances linked together, both contributing to an adequate, unified transmission system serving a definite area." "The state rail system, skilfully and efficiently operated, serves to determine rates on the private lines." "In recent years the state has been trying to work out a rational transportation system for the whole country, coördinating rail, motor, water, and air, and assigning to each its proper place."

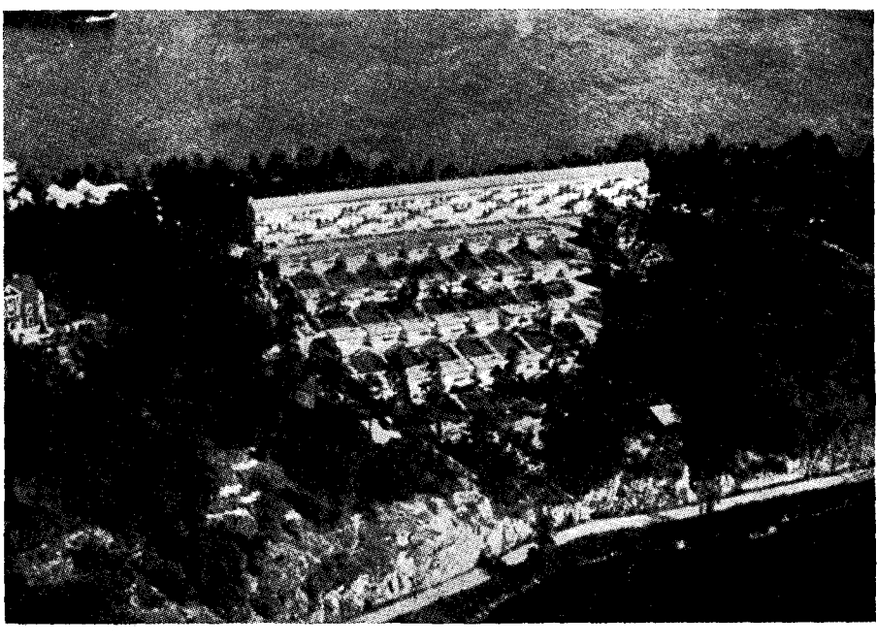
The handling of liquor and tobacco is more complex. In the words of the present managing director of the liquor monopoly it is a "middle form, between the ownership and operation of the state and the ownership and operation of private capital." Mr. Childs explains how this "in the argument of its proponents, unites the virtues of individual initiative and collective self-interest."

He defines the powers of the King, the platforms of the political parties, the tax structure, the rise of the labor movement, and touches Sweden's artistic emergence as "befitting a practical people . . . a renascence in architecture and the applied arts rather than in the fine arts."

He even finds room in a rather short book of 165 pages of text for a chapter on Denmark's folk high schools and a discussion of the agricultural program of that small country which as "part of the continent . . . has always been more involved in European politics than Sweden."

Marquis Childs presents his well assembled material with such authenticity that his book may be unqualifiedly recommended to all students of these subjects.

Agnes Rothery is the author of "Sweden: The Land and the People." Her book "Finland: The New Nation" will be brought out in April by the Viking Press.



COÖPERATIVE HOUSES BUILT FOR MILL EMPLOYEES NEAR STOCKHOLM
From "Sweden: The Middle Way"

Clair de Lune

By KATHARINE SHEPARD HAYDEN

ABOVE the lapis wells of dark
Swiftly you move tonight—
Around you all your cloudy veils
Blow light—

Diaphanous saffron mists that drift
Along the lustrous air—
Mother-of-pearl itself, distilled,
Dissolving, there!

Clear moon, that sailed the cobalt straits
Of midnight over Greece—
A silver argosy that bore
A golden fleece!

Fair moon on medieval Chartres,
Where pools of light would lie
Around the soaring silhouettes
Against your sky!

Young moon—so timeless old—that threads,
Transfiguring, the arc
Of onyx space, and silvers all
The shapeless dark—

We have seen mortal night and day,
Azure and indigo,
And which is fairer and more true
We do not know—

Only I know I love the air
Held in unearthly light—
The tripled beauty of the world
Tonight!

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Dreamer and Idealist

MAZZINI: Portrait of an Exile. By Stringfellow Barr. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

MR. BARR is too modest. He has presented us not merely with a portrait of an exile but with a Life of Mazzini, which should have a wide public. It is entertainingly, even vividly written. It has far horizons and high adventure. It has lights and shadows—but mostly shadows—and it has even that chapter without which no modern biography is complete, the chapter in this instance called "Judith." It is a moving tale, this life of the great Italian visionary. It is scholarly, with notes, a bibliography, even a bibliographical appendix; but it is also an extremely interesting narrative, within its scope probably the best account yet written of the great idealist. It falls short, as the author generously admits, of the more comprehensive work of Mr. Griffith. It mercifully omits most of the letters in the hundred odd volumes of Mazzini's writings which have already appeared—and one may pause to wonder over the incredible patience and optimism of the editors of the works of Mazzini and Lenin and wonder who reads those gigantic undertakings.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

The answer in this case is easy—Mr. Griffith and after him Mr. Barr, and Mr. Barr in particular has extracted from them an entertaining volume. What, then, of its subject? It is not without reason that this is called the Portrait of an Exile, for if Mazzini was not a professional exile, he followed that pursuit for a great part of his troubled life. Had he been only that, he would not have much mattered. But he was more than that. He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the John the Baptist of one greater than Mazzini, with all his vision, could ever have been. For it is seldom given to the same man to be the prophet and the creator of a new order in the world. He dreamed not only of a united Italy but of a reign of virtue there which should arouse the world to a new spirit of enlightened democracy. That dream has somehow faded, and had Mazzini lived till now he might be even more unhappy than he was.

Essentially and emphatically Professor Barr has written the life of Mazzini, not that of the man and his times. That vast background of politics, both national and international, of diplomacy, both "reactionary" and "liberal," is at best only shadowed here. The great compelling movements of the times, the forces then at work throughout Europe, find here such place as can be spared from the details of Mazzini's life. That may be just as well. However dangerous he was to the established order, however much a threat to its modes of thought, Mazzini's influence was seldom if ever of the sort that brings armies to the field under his command or even under the direct spell of his influence. The very chapter headings of this book reveal his place in history. The Carbonaro, Young Italy, Young Europe, Mazzini against Cavour, Mazzini against Italy, among them all there is only one—The Triumvir—which touches on the sterner realities of practical politics, and that records a failure.

To loose forces which one cannot guide: to preach doctrines which pushed to their logical conclusions produce not merely liberty but its less admirable results; to start the snowball rolling down the hill with no power to check or direct its course, such is too often the work of men like him. He was never what is called in modern phrase a "possibilist." He was, first and last, that most inspiring and most dangerous product of mankind, an "idealist." And, human nature being what it is, after long travail Italy has brought forth, as part of the great force which Mazzini did so much to set in motion, Mussolini. And, one may note, as part of the long irony which we call history, that were one to select the three great men whom Italy has produced in modern times, apart from the maker of that new kingdom, one would unquestionably choose Mazzini, Machiavelli, and Mussolini. To which qualities of these three men Cavour owed most each must decide for himself, but certainly without something of those of the first two neither Cavour nor Mussolini would have reached such heights. Mazzini's dream came true in part, in part it failed of accomplishment; but it was because he thought better of his fellow-men than they perhaps deserved. Yet even here he uttered the greatest of his many sayings, "You will not have things better until you are better yourselves." It is of such a man that Professor Barr has written.

Off with Their Heads!

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN—AND ITS CURE. By John Erskine. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1936. $1.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

SOME day it might be amusing to tabulate from the thousands of books on the subject Woman, all the qualities of the female sex which irritate men to the point of rushing into print. That is, if we could just stop long enough from picking up after our men-folk and doing all those things they forget or consider unworthy of them.

For one who has read only a few hundreds of these volumes, the conviction is unescapable. There are far too many of us girls in the world. Clear it is that most of us should never have been born or having had that misfortune thrust upon us, we should at once devise some merciful means for ridding civilization of our pestilential presence. Mr. Erskine tells us in no uncertain terms that, "society can get along perfectly without women except in that one matter of child-bearing." (Here if one be biologically inclined one is tempted to murmur a reference to certain test-tube experiments on egg cells. But we remember in time that Mr. Erskine has discovered this to be a woman's world. Therefore, let us be chivalrous and not rub it in.)

Yes, there seems to be no doubt that a lot of us should be killed off, but where, we ask Mr. Erskine and all his fraternity, should the massacre begin? Mr. Erskine, for example, would get rid of all the women of leisure except, of course, the occasional one who "realizes her true talent for inspiration" and who has the good sense to move out of the male's path when he has had enough inspiring.

In a world groaning with the weight of unemployed and unemployables, he gives us no hint of what those tiresome leisureful women should do. Mussolini and Hitler would know. But unlike other fascists, he has a grudging respect for the women who earn their living, although he is forced to the opinion "reluctantly," he says, "that they would gladly exchange their lot for the cultivated idleness which masculine effort can supply." Yet we cannot spare these, even if he would, for Mr. Erskine's is but one thin voice and the majority of his brothers clamor in the papers every day for the blood of these very women, who, they cry, are "stealing men's jobs." So I fear these will have to go, too; and so must most mothers, who we all know are either turning their children over to servants or with moist embraces developing Oedipus complexes in their innocent sons only to hand them over to women teachers, who in turn make sissies of them by robbing them of all the "manly virtues" (see Mr. Erskine's book for the grim details of our educational system); while the women who

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"mass" together to clean up their towns, to work against war or child labor, are not merely ridiculous and a nuisance but "are now reducing the men to slaves." So off with all their heads! A few old-fashioned housekeepers might be left—nearly all men like these—but I fear me that it would take but a few years before these too would be hopelessly spoiled by male competition for their favors, and the whole dreadful menace would start up again.

It is really pretty complicated for us, you see, even with the best will in the world to please. The truth is that Eve should never have been created. God should have let Lilith take care of Adam and none of this would have happened.

But let us return to this latest foray in the guerilla sex-war and to Mr. Erskine. His book is meant to be amusing, and truth to say it is—quite often intentionally so. Sharp rejoinders will obviously spring to your minds as you read, my sisters, but bite them back. One has learned at dinner parties, has one not, how *gauche* it is to insist upon talking sense to a partner so sprightly, so debonairly suave? Besides inspirers never argue. So, my sisters, smile your mysterious feminine smile, shrug your slender shoulders deprecatingly, shoot gleaming admiration from your eyes, and bow your heads in humble submission. You might just as well. Some other man will say it all over again tomorrow.

Outrageous Peter Pans

CLOSE OF PLAY. By N. Warner Hooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

MANY readers of *The Saturday Review* must have read "Striplings," to which this book is a sequel; and none who have read it can have forgotten Biff and Netta Tamlin, its two children, growing up wild in a higgledy-piggledy home which their horsey mother shared with a *mari complaisant*, the father of Biff, and a lover, known, even to the children, to be the father of Netta. One remembers the independence of the children, their childish smut, in recording which the author went rather far, and their inescapable *farouche* charm. The author has made sure that this second novel can stand alone, by beginning it at a point earlier in time than the close of "Striplings," and retelling the last incidents of the latter from Netta's different point of view. So one can begin with this story of the two children in their teens, who are fantastic and delicious, who seem both incredible and perfectly convincing, and read it with quite as much as pleasure even if one has not met them in childhood.

They have outgrown the age, one is glad to find, at which they were sometimes disgusting; but they show no signs of ever becoming too old to be shocking.

N. WARNER HOOKE

The shocks are pleasant. Biff comes home, more self-reliant than ever; Netta has fallen in love with Rodney, the son of a neighbor; and when the Tamlin home goes to pieces altogether, the three kids casually run away and set up a *ménage à trois* in a London slum, where, at Netta's violent insistence, Rodney becomes her lover. Biff's only remark is that she will have to get a book on how not to have a baby, for he is not going to have one of those about the place; the task of buying one is a little difficult even for Netta's self-possession. It is that sort of novel, outrageous and irresistible all through, with a quality to be found nowhere except in the Bohemian, immoral integrity of the Sanger family, in "The Constant Nymph."

It is a question whether "The Constant Nymph" is a most truthful portrayal of adolescence, or the cleverest of conjuring-tricks, sleight of hand that deserves the kinder name of enchantment, devoted to making one believe what isn't there. And the same thing is true of Miss Hooke's books. The paradoxical combination of innocence and knowledge at first seems very true to one's recollections; but the more one sees of these unique children, the more the suspicion grows that they are the Peter Pans of our day, children who grow up without growing up, and who are after all only an illusion that the author induces us to accept. The suspicion is deepened by the realization that the author has shirked the real problem which she seemed to have set herself to answer: when Biff went away at the end of "Striplings," he feared he was in love with Netta; when he comes back in "Close of Play" he has decided that he is not; his change of mind has been slipped in like a forced card. But, even if "Close of Play" is not the singularly penetrating study that one had almost thought it, if it is only entertainment, still it is for the sophisticated entertainment hilarious and charming in quality, and unique in kind.

Town of the Mad

I'LL MOURN YOU LATER. By Catharine Whitcomb. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

ONE may certainly welcome Miss Whitcomb to the ranks of our younger novelists. This first novel of hers shows indubitable talent for writing and an insight, particularly into the minds and natures of older people, which is genuinely perceptive. She elects to show us members of one family, of both the older generation and the younger, whose "home town" is a peculiarly haunted one. One might say that it was dominated by the presence of the local insane asylum.

Henrietta and her Bill—the young, happily married couple—are of the city, and not tied to the town. But Henrietta's mother, Elizabeth, has her roots in it, and —despite all that happens in the course of the book (to say nothing of what has happened in the town theretofore)—makes the definite decision to settle down there for the remainder of her days.

In the Maxwell family at least one member, Aunt Maude (who married Elizabeth's brother, the bewildered sensualist, Walter), is practically insane—which leads to one of the tragic crises of the novel. This unhappy marriage—with a definite element of horror at its core—is well pitched against the buoyant, healthy, and fine-young-animal relationship of Henrietta and Bill. The intolerance and heedlessness of youth confronted by certain older people who have made various sorts of messes of their lives, is well seen —and yet youth's careless pity is also shown and youth's quick sympathy, among all its restless energy. Miss Whitcomb has a leaning toward the *macabre*, and displays an unexpected ability to enter what might be called another dimension, even if only briefly. Yet her book is not without its flickerings of humor for all the stress of its happenings.

But it seems to me that Miss Whitcomb has a gift better even than her firm drawing, her wholly acceptable dialogue, and her absorbed scrutiny of people. She has the power to move us emotionally without, it seems to me, stacking the cards. She possesses all youth's love of the grim side of life and fascination by its disasters. Despite which fact she shows a maturity of viewpoint and a liberal intelligence that are to be commended.

Miss Whitcomb has gained our attention in a first story of a good deal of plausibility; and the challenge is now cordially extended to her to follow it with one of greater social significance. As it is, she has displayed dramatic instinct—and a few of her scenes, both of outward talk and action, and of the interior consciousness, are admirable for their deftness and economy.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Round the Table

THE other day M. K.—who has as keen an eye for a book as any man of our time—gave me a copy of *A Journey Round My Room,* by Xavier de Maistre. I've heard of it for many years but never read it; in fact I haven't read it yet, but I can see at a glance it's exactly the sort of thing I enjoy. This attractive edition was published by Hurd and Houghton in 1871, printed at the Riverside Press; and with no nonsensical paper jacket on it to tell me why I should or should not enjoy it. Mitchell remarked that he had picked it up for 5 cents on 59th Street, and added that someone should write a piece on the pleasures of book-buying these days when so many treasures can be had miracle cheap. He's quite right; someone should. It's nonsense to pull a long face about Depressions; they are pure felicity for the genuine booklover.

Glancing at de Maistre's book put a notion in my mind. (I see that the reason he spent 42 days in the same room was because he was imprisoned for duelling.) The memoranda for what I intended to write are out in the Knothole, and it's too cold to work there this sleety weather. So why shouldn't I, playing fair and no cheating, make a Journey Round This Table—an old circular relic with four claw feet, part of an ancient dining-room set which meant a great deal to two young people twenty years ago.

There's another reason too why I abandon the Knothole today. When I went out there I was startled to see sheets of MS on the floor, pictures fallen from the top of the high shelves, the 1855 Overholt bottle (long since empty, but noble souvenir of a certain Walt Whitman pilgrimage) toppled over (but undamaged). At first I supposed some human mischief, but picking up sheets of typescript, I saw on them—and on the big Webster's Unabridged—unmistakable proof that the intruder was a bird. Then, from a shadowy perch just under the roof, he swooped across and gave me a start. An owl, a handsome fellow with tall ears and speckled breast. He had come down the chimney, of course. Flattened warily in the triangle of the rafters, he watched me steadily. I whistled at him, tried to frighten him through the open door, but he only coasted from side to side—coming too near my head for comfort. I had no mind to sit there with him perched above me; so for the moment I've left him in charge, with the door open for exit.—It pleased me, however, that the bird of wisdom should visit the place in person; and I hope Little Brown and Company will condone his traces on the clean MS of their new Bartlett's *Quotations* on which I've been working. (And he was, like Tomlinson's famous pet, a Little Brown owl.)

So I propose to journey round this table, going clockwise; reporting, without fake of any sort, exactly what I find. It is a fair cross-section of what an editor's furniture is accustomed to.

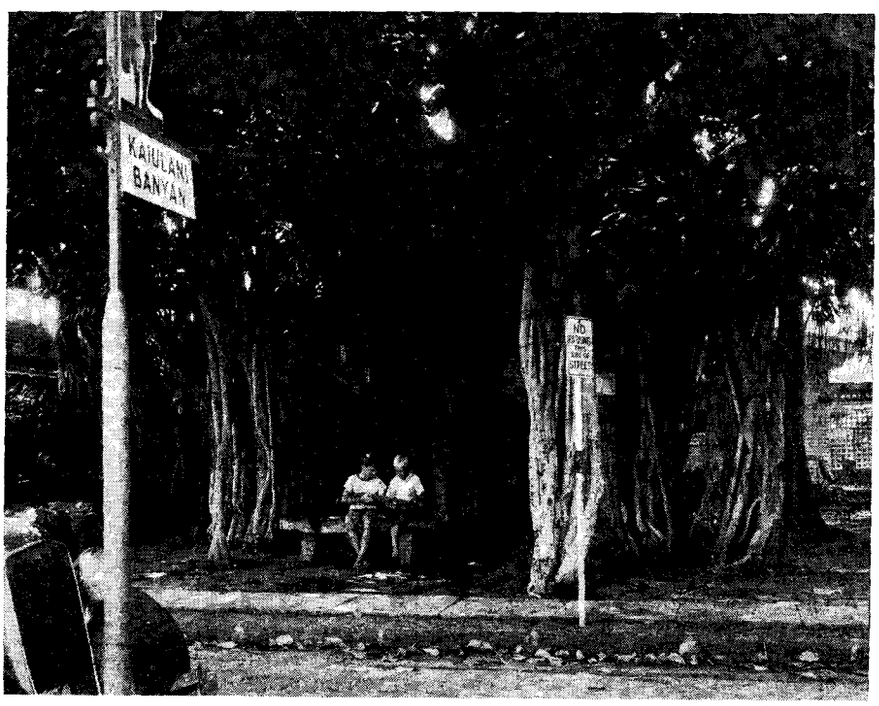
The second edition ("augmented and corrected") of the Caliph A. Edward Newton's pamphlet about his Trollope Society—which solicits membership to sponsor a complete, legible and inexpensive edition of old Anthony. This pamphlet costs 50 cents, and may be had from 501 North 19th Street, Philadelphia. "Letters may not be answered promptly," says A. Edward, "as my correspondence is heavy. I am an old man, I am doing this to honor Anthony Trollope and for fun and meantime I want to live and to travel."

Annual Report of the Register of Copyrights, for the year ending June 30, 1935. In the course of this report by Mr. William L. Brown I note that there have been transferred to the Library of Congress "several hundred paper-covered novels published prior to 1890. These were publications of the old Seaside Library and Harper's Franklin Square Library, the Lovell Library, and other cheap editions . . . . a unique sentiment attaches to these editions because they were the books that brought so much of the odium of piracy to American publishers and hastened the enactment of the first international copyright law."

A copy of S. R. Gardiner's *Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution, 1625-1660* (a relic of Oxford days) in which I find this: "Revolutions unavoidably teem with disappointment to their promoters. Schemes are carried out, either blundering in themselves or too little in accordance with the general opinion of the time to root themselves in the conscience of the nation; and, before many years have passed away, those who were the most ardent revolutionists, looking back upon their baffled hopes, declare that nothing worthy of the occasion has been accomplished."

A letter from the Executive Office of the State of Michigan announcing that February 14th has officially been designated as Eddie Guest Day in the State of Michigan.

A letter from "The Cleveland Classic" saying "Will you be kind enough to send us a night letter expressing encouragement and general good wishes for our Cleveland Classic Dog Show luncheon . . . . a picked group of Cleveland's 100 leading industrialists and professional men will attend this civic event to launch our campaign in behalf of pure bred



Pan-Pacific Press

THE BANYAN TREE IN WAIKIKI: *where R. L. S. sat with Princess Kaiulani when he wrote "The Master of Ballantrae."*

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dogs." The letter is signed by the general chairman, Mr. William Z. Breed.

A copy of Herbert Giles's *History* of *Chinese Literature*, an old favorite of mine. Looking through it again I was struck by the fact that during the Han Dynasty, about B.C. 13, a statesman called Li Ssu tried a drastic way of encouraging new writers and ending the sentimental worship of old classics. All existing books were ordered burned so that literature might start all over again. Works on agriculture, medicine, and divination were excepted.

A letter from an ingenious publisher admitting that it was he who inserted, in the S.R.L. *Personals* of Jan 18, the advertisement in Latin verse which puzzled many readers. It went thus:—

Si tibi barba placet et paulula bibliotheca

Si sociisve tuis, nomina mitte, precor.

It was intended, he says, as come-on for a 12th century treatise on beards (*Apologia de Barbis*, written by a Cistercian abbot) just republished by Macmillan. He hoped that Latin-Reading Bearded Bibliophiles would respond, and is startled that all his replies (written carefully in Latin) have been from ladies.

A copy of *The Script of Jonathan Swift* by Shane Leslie (Univ. of Pennsylvania Press) in which I find: "A novice who was reading to his brethren in an Irish monastery came to a sentence saying that Jerome had left the Holy Land carrying his MSS on his back. He hesitated before reading boldly out: 'and Saint Jerome left the Holy Land carrying his missus on his back.'"

Report of the Human Engineering Laboratory at Stevens Institute, Hoboken. Among its technical reports and "Occupational Brochures" I note *Characteristics of Graduate Nurses; Characteristics Common to Executives in Manufacturing and Public Service Companies; A Study of the English Vocabulary Scores of 75 Executives.* I learn that the Laboratory has devised a "twelve-piece wiggly block" which is used "in separating the upper percentiles of engineers."

Copy of *The Publishers' Weekly* (Feb. 1) in which I had marked a quotation from Professor Albert Guerard of Stanford University. Addressing a meeting of booksellers and librarians he said: "It is you in the book business who may ultimately be praised or blamed for the state of our culture. That responsibility devolves upon the publishers, the critics and the booksellers. If your sole desire is to secure the largest market, in the laziest fashion and with the quickest returns, then our democratic civilization will be hopelessly vulgarized."

A folder (sent me by Mr. W. S. Hall) in which the famous N. Y. K. (Japan Mail Steamship Company) discusses the meaning of the word *Maru*, used as suffix in the names of Japanese merchant vessels. There are many legendary interpretations of this ancient word, but its dictionary translation is *round, complete*, or *perfect*. It is also used as an intensive suffix in personal names, to express affection.

A proof copy of *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, now lately published ($6.50). A fascinating work; if you open it you're lost for at least an hour. Man is a sententious animal; this book contains a whole history of his mind, struggling to express himself. It is a great teacher of modesty, showing how ancient most of our thoughts are; and how rarely men practise what they preach (which phrase itself can be traced back to Thomas Fuller 300 years ago; and the sense of it probably to the Garden of Eden).

A catalogue from the Argosy Bookstore, 114 East 59, which lists for $35 the first American edition of Jane Austen—*Sense and Sensibility* published in Philadelphia by Carey & Lea, 1833. Apparently it took Jane's books over 20 years to cross the Atlantic.

A letter from the Publicity Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad explaining that Karl Bitter's bas-relief *Transportation* is now in the new Pennsylvania Station at 30th Street, Philadelphia. This highly complicated group of figures, remembered by all who were hauled up and down the stairs of old Broad Street Station as children, made a great impression on my youth. It was put up in 1895, and moved to the new station in 1933.

A copy of *Country Stories* by Mary Russell Mitford—the lovely 1904 reprint with George Morrow's pen and ink drawings (Lippincott). This placid old book is just about 100 years old, and makes a soothing emollient for present concerns. I remember with pleasure that when I was eleven years old a wise grandfather gave me a copy of Miss Mitford's *Our Village* to prevent my getting too modernized. I've never properly read it yet, but after one has seen a book around for more than 30 years one scarcely needs to read it to know what it's like. I'm only about a quarter of the way round the table, but I see no easy way to integrate so curious a jumble. Here's a letter from a Boat Club saying "you have been suspended from membership until your indebtedness is settled in full." Don't let's get started on letters of that sort . . . . I think I'll spend the rest of the evening with Miss Mitford. There's a sort of agreeable egotism in believing, what is probably so, that no one else in America is likely to be reading her tonight.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE A. B. C. MURDERS *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Series of murders with victims in alphabetical order sends Hercule Poirot scouring English towns for maniac.	Agatha Christie at her best, with a really ingenious idea, plenty of action, humor, and expert sleuthing.	Don't miss it.
LAUGHING MOUNTAIN *Kay Linn* (Dutton: $2.)	English girl, living in French village, kills madman in self-defense, drops corpse in well, and lives in dread.	Quietly handled but disturbing study of nice person's subterfuges in clutches of deadly fear. Remarkably well done.	Interesting
DEATH BELOW THE DAM *Esther Haven Fonseca* (Crime Club: $2.)	Violent deaths of father and daughter on flood-swept, isolated island solved, mainly, by young fictioneer living near by.	A nice water-soaked family tangle, with everything sodden and drenched but the action, which moves quite briskly.	Gets by
THE CLUE OF THE POOR MAN'S SHILLING *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Wicked city cuss intent on rooining island lassie found dead. Retired school marm and Cape Cod s'lectman solve it.	The atmosphere is good though foggy; the story and sleuthing adequate; but 'Lisha Macomber is no Asey Mayo.	Middlin'
TWENTY MINUTES TO KILL *Arthur M. Chase* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Thugs raid penthouse party. Take shot at host—and miss. Later somebody bops him. Lieut. Durkin tells who.	There are too demnition many clever old spinsters helping out in too many yarns. Otherwise it'll pass.	Average
MURDER IN TIME *Lillian Day and Norbert Lederer* (Lee Furman: $2.)	The conductor of an opera is killed in full view of the audience. A Jewish youth with a sense of humor solves the problem.	Breezy conversation, with a background of life among musicians. Interesting variety of unusual characters in a briskly moving yarn.	Good
MORE STUDIES IN MURDER *Edmund Pearson* (Smith and Haas: $2.)	Numerous factual cases of yesteryear and today bloom in brilliant colors at the Pearson touch.	Short pieces—expanded in some cases into novels by fictioneers—and every one of them worth reading.	Capital

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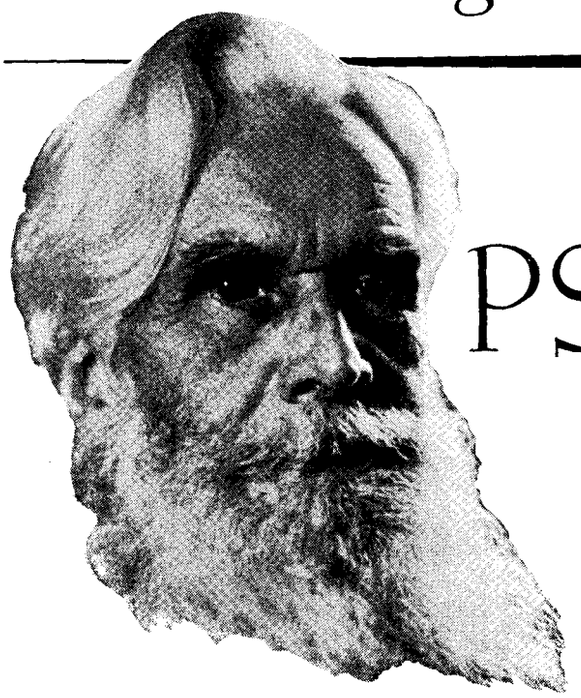
Announcing the first popular edition of the world's greatest encyclopedia of sex...



STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX

by Havelock Ellis

A beautiful new edition of a great classic...the life-work of the foremost authority on the subject. With a new autobiographical introduction written especially for this edition by the author . . . *and a complete new index.*

SIXTY years ago, in a little Australian town near Sydney, a youth of sixteen began to be troubled by the "absurd and tragic facts of man's sexual life." Had he found someone who could tell him the things he wanted to know, we might never have heard about him again. In 1875, however, sex as a subject for study was violently condemned as "unpleasant, vicious and disgusting, attracting the attention only of impure minds." Edward Acton, an English surgeon, had dismissed the nasty business by asserting that "to attribute sexual feelings to women was a vile aspersion!"

Unable to learn the truth about sex from man *or* books, young Havelock Ellis resolved to devote a part of his life to clarifying the problems of sex for the sake of others who might have to face the same perplexing problems in the future. Unlike the most farflung schemes of adolescence, this one was destined to be carried out through a long lifetime and brought at last to a magnificent and triumphant conclusion.

He becomes a doctor

Ellis prepared for his career by studying to become a doctor. After receiving his license to practise medicine in Great Britain, he worked in a hospital for a time . . . to learn all there was to be known about the human body. Then slowly he began to publish the results of his findings . . . first in magazines, later in books . . persisting despite calumny and persecution . . . finally to complete his life work in 1909 at Cornwall. The result was the now internationally celebrated seven-volume STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX.

When Ellis began the publication of his great work, the first scientific treatise on sex ever published in the English language, he shocked every prude in the British kingdom. No sooner had the first volume appeared in London than a society for the suppression of vice instigated police action against the publisher, who was prosecuted and convicted . . . and the magistrate before whom the case was tried ordered every copy of the book to be burned It was finally

Here are some of the

Love and Pain	The Phenomena of Sexual Per
Auto-Erotism	Analysis of the Sexual Motive
Sexual Inversion	The Sexual Impulse in Womer
Erotic Symbolism	The Mechanism of Detumesce
Prostitution	The Psychic State in Pregnanc
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The Art of Love	The Problem of Sexual Ab
Sexual Morality	The Conquest of Venereal I

With hundreds of c

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reissued by a medical publisher in Philadelphia, as were the subsequent six volumes . . . all of which were restricted in sale to physicians and other professional people. It has since been translated, in whole or in part, into almost every language.

NO SINGLE man has done more to tear down the dangerous barriers of false modesty than Havelock Ellis. The abuse first heaped upon him raged itself out, giving place gradually to a grudging admiration and, at last, to a universal respect. H. L. Mencken names him now "the most civilized Englishman living." Dr. Houston Peterson, his biographer, says of him: "He has given us a new perspective, a decent way of looking at the poisoned and slandered heart of experience. He has seen that the most exotic anomalies are marvelously human, not to be blindly dismissed as 'perverse' or 'unnatural.' He has traced to their primordial roots the finest dreams and desires, without degrading them. He has, to an immeasurable degree, taken the leer out of love's language."

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX deals with the most fascinating subject known to mankind. Ellis regards it as the central problem of life itself. "Sex lies at the root of life," he writes, "and we can never learn to reverence life until we know how to understand sex." Ellis has devoted most of his years to achieving a better understanding of this all-inclusive problem. The result of his patient, searching, ceaseless scrutiny and study is a 3,000-page classic . . . the greatest book of its kind ever printed.

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EACH subject is dealt with scientifically, never sensationally. The text is frank, fearless, wise and lucid. The author's constant purpose, throughout this great work, has been the alleviation of sexual misery. Every question is answered; every fact given and explained. Nothing is omitted, nothing distorted. He deals with every phase of the sexual question "calmly and intimately but without shameful excitement." Virtually an encyclopedia of sex, it covers the field completely and minutely. It is the best and final word on the subject.

Geoffrey West, writing in The New Adelphi, said of *Studies in the Psychology of Sex:* "It is a book every man and woman should read; it could corrupt none though it would save many from corruption, and the heaviest of responsibilities lies with those who have banned it from general circulation. In an age when few can approach the subject equably, without shameful excitement, it is Ellis's greatest achievement that he has dealt with it thus calmly and intimately. Shame and lust are unknown to his pages; desire becomes lovely because a universal thing—to all its forms he extends the gesture of a single acceptance."

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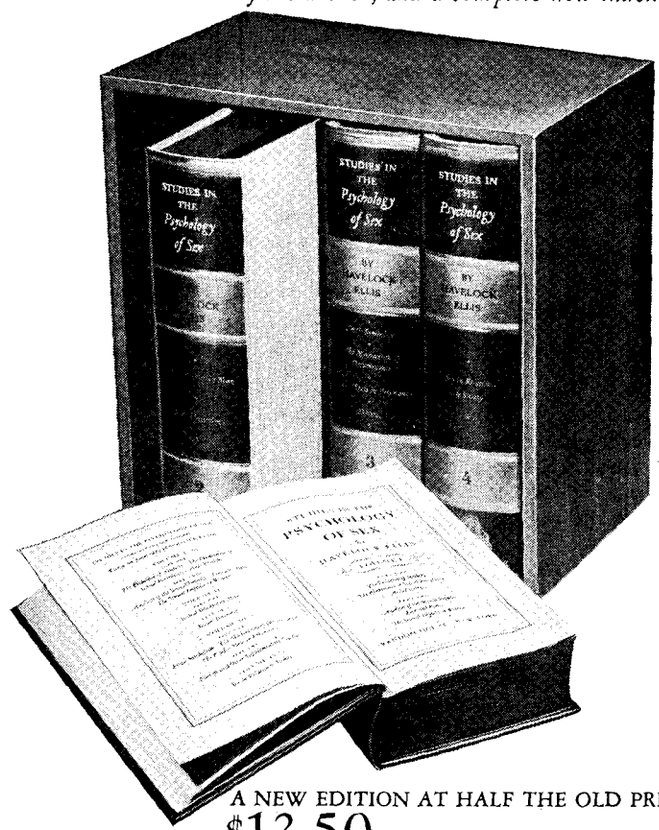

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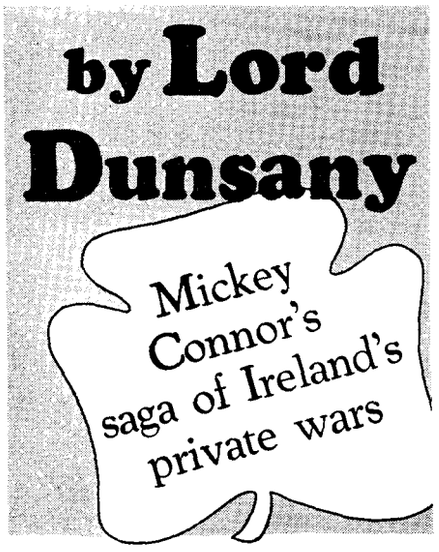

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The Devil Is Not Dead

(*Continued from page 4*)

kenstein" when I was no more than twelve or thirteen, and with the best will in the world to be frightened; but even at that age it struck me as ridiculous that Frankenstein should make his monster more than life-size for convenience in making the smaller organs, for that would compel him to piece out his corpses instead of combining the, so to speak, used parts which came to hand ready-made; and completely absurd that though the foundation of the story is that Frankenstein has discovered the vital principle, when the monster kills off his family it does not occur to him, though immediately on the spot, to bring them back to life. What a relief to be quite sympathetically terrified by a modern story like W. F. Harvey's "The Beast with Five Fingers," where the rules of the game, what the dead hand can do and what it cannot, are clearly laid down, and where the hero, if somewhat easily panicked, does rush like a rat (or oneself) for escape after escape, coming just too late to each one.

And if a single dead hand can be more terrifying than a whole dead monster, there are terrors of the mind and soul worse than anything physical. Not the old stories and new melodramas about escaped lunatics, but those stories in which it is the approach not of the madman that is the terror, but that of the madness. Poe was on the track in "The Tell-Tale Heart" in which the reader is with a horrible persuasiveness identified with a maniac; but "The Tell-Tale Heart" announces its theme in the first sentence. The reader knows the worst at once; and he knows it before he has been prepared to accept it, so that he can stay outside the murderer's mind. Think how, in this century, the theme was treated by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in "The Yellow Wall-Paper." That is the soliloquy of a woman convalescing from a nervous breakdown, and confined to a room where she does not like the wall-paper. There are other things she does not like, too—the bars at the windows, and the way the paper is torn—but the rent is low, and she can put up with the wall-paper. Only, as time goes on, she grows more and more obsessed with it. She makes up fancies about the pattern; and next day she uses those fancies as fixed foundations to build new fancies on—unpleasant fancies. In most good ghost-stories, there is a moment at which one first becomes vaguely aware of what there is to fear, and too often that is the highest point of the story; in Mr. Algernon Blackwood's "Ancient Sorceries," for instance, when the traveller is warned not to stop at a certain town—well, he *thought* they said, "*A cause de sommeil et à cause des chats*"—no dénouement can come up to that hint. But in "The Yellow Wall-Paper" the moment in which, incredulously, you realize that some one is going mad before your eyes—more, that you are, for the time you read, going mad with her—is one of the intensest thrills the tale of terror can give; and every successive page deepens the emotion. And it remains a story that you can't laugh off by daylight. At ten in the morning you may be quite sure that you will never be the victim of a vampire or a spectre; but you might lose your mind, you know. People do. "If I am not very careful, something like this might happen to me!"

Worse still, there are the moral terrors, the spiritual wickedness in high places, the stories in which evil takes hold of the soul as lunacy of the mind. There are the allegories of self-destruction; Poe again, with "William Wilson," Mr. James Gould Cozzens's "Castaway," which just misses being a masterpiece, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Every one of those can give the reader those moments of ecstasy, of the concentration of all the energies upon a single point, which is what we really look for in art and alcohol and adventure. Yet they are not quite among the inescapably haunting stories, because they do not make one think, "This may happen to *me!*" One is not such a fool as the Castaway, nor, happily, so wise as Dr. Jekyll. One feels, as in reading "Frankenstein," that doctors who go meddling with soul-elixirs ask for anything they may get. But there are some stories which portray a non-moral fall into a moral gulf; some one's foot quite innocently slips, and there is no stopping above the bottom of hell. That is what makes some of Mr. Arthur Machen's stories supreme of their kind. His "The White Powder" is closely parallel to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (and is found in a book which evidently owes a good deal to "The New Arabian Nights"); the story of a man who takes a drug which releases his lower nature and so destroys him. But Dr. Jekyll set out to transform himself; Wyn Leicester took the drug, the first time, quite by chance. Judged by any ordinary canon of criticism, I suppose "Dr. Jekyll" is the finer story; but judged as a ghost-story whose purpose is to terrify, "The White Powder" is by far the more effective. Suppose you took your prescription to the wrong chemist's!

Of this sort, too, are the stories in which some one is irrationally exposed to a supernatural evil beyond his strength, for no reason except that God is still the cynical, careless Jehovah of the Book of Job. Mr. Michael Fessier's "Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind" has the right approach: an old man who is the incarnation of evil simply deciding to haunt a nice, commonplace young man. The combination of the Devil and the Third Degree would make of "Fully Dressed" a ghost-story that made the worst of both worlds in a highly satisfactory manner, if it were not that the author relents and saves the hero by an incarnation of innocence, who is as pale

(*Continued on page 20*)

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The Devil Is Not Dead

(*Continued from page 18*)

as the Paradiso after the Inferno, and as unwanted as a wife for Bulldog Drummond. And such a story of irrational, irresistible temptation as Mr. Machen's "The White People," about a little girl whose nurse happens to be a witch, and who becomes a devil-worshipper without the least idea of what she is doing—that is the only story that ever sent me shamefacedly out to find some one to talk to before going to bed.

And, of course, "The Turn of the Screw," where again children are preternaturally tempted. Beyond all others, that story makes the greatest effect with the simplest means. There is no question of preliminary hints justifying themselves, of wondering what will happen; all too soon one knows what will happen; and it will only be that somewhere, in one of the dim rooms or at the end of a garden path, the distracted governess will catch sight of one of two figures, the groom or, "horror of horrors," Miss Jessel. One might almost say that there is no building up to a climax, that there is during most of the story what ought to be an anticlimax, for the governess seems successful and the ghosts come less frequently. But this is the only story in which the absence of the ghost is worse than his presence. One knows Peter Quint; one knows Miss Jessel; one knows they are not so easily defeated; one would rather see them, be sure they are at least no worse than before. There is nowhere else anything like that!

Nevertheless, that is not quite all. Even in the stories that seem to proceed most simply and logically, that terrify you by the book of arithmetic, one, two, and the third in your bosom, there is a touch of the inexplicable, the uncertain. One can never be sure what will frighten children. I remember being made a little uneasy by the purely funny passage in "The Just So Stories" where the tortoise and the hedgehog are teasing the jaguar cub by asking again and again, "Are you sure of what your Mummy told you? Are you quite sure?" Because, the most frightening thing for a child is not to be sure of what his Mummy told him; and it is only as we grow up that we discover that it is the lot of man. This hint of the uncertain, in the stories that proceed most certainly, is their final twist. Even in "The Yellow Wall-Paper"—some one had gone mad in that room before, and had beaten at the bars and torn at the paper; now *why?* How much can you be sure of, even about madness? Are you sure of what your Mummy told you? Are you quite sure?

And in "The Turn of the Screw" itself, you think that if you admit the return of two evilly disposed spirits, you have faced everything. Have you thought that the whole horror might be a delusion of the governess, a hysterical spinster? No, *I* don't think so; but some people do. If you fill out a slip for "The Turn of the Screw" at the New York Public Library, you will get a copy that has been marked by some one who must have had this theory in mind. For though he writes in no words, he underscores, "How can I retrace today the steps of my obsession?" and the passages where the governess speaks of her devotion, evidently amounting to love, for her employer; and he marks this:

> (The governess says to the housekeeper): "By writing to him that his house is poisoned and his little nephew and niece mad?"
> "But if they *are*, Miss?"
> "And if I *am* myself, you mean?"

There is always that feeling that one cannot be too sure of anything; that the universe may be mad; that the universe may be against you.

"*Crains dans le mur aveugle un regard qui t'épie!*" We have no need for a while yet to let atrophy the nerve that perceives the supernatural. The Devil is not dead yet.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE VAMPIRE OF N'GOBI *Ridgwell Cullum* (Lippincott: $2.)	Loventure	The secrets of the Dark Continent hold no fear for Col. Richard Farlow. Elements of Rider Haggard, Sheil, and Rohmer somehow fail to fizz.	Phew Manchu
THE GIRL IN THE GOLDEN RAGS *Robert W. Chambers* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Novel	After pulling a plow for years and years on a 20,000 acre farm, widow and daughter arouse the love instinct in a couple of millionaires and presto,—the padre collects a ten spot!	Subway Fare
THE GOLDEN QUICKSAND *Anna Robeson Burr* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Novel	Santa Fe in the 1840's where young Stocket is on the look-out for his brother who scrammed from home with 25 G's. Author Burr goes heavy on the history.	Good

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A Superb Study of Puritanism by the Master of English Prose
The New York Times Book Review
A NOVEL BY GEORGE SANTAYANA
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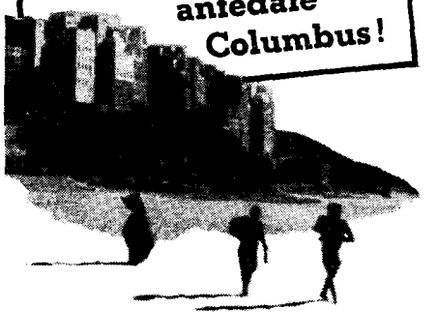

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Looking at the Record

THE HOOVER ADMINISTRATION: A DOCUMENTED NARRATIVE. By William Starr Myers and Walter H. Newton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE preface to this large volume of 550 pages raises high hopes in the reader of an important addition to recent American history. Mr. Hoover, the authors state, placed at their disposal the whole of his files, diaries, and information. These were supplemented by Mr. Newton's private records as secretary to Mr. Hoover, and by counsel and advice from Mr. Arch W. Shaw, closely associated with Mr. Hoover for many years. The only limitations stipulated by Mr. Hoover were that foreign affairs should be treated in their economic aspects alone, and that nothing should be presented that might be unfairly interpreted in a way to give pain to "honest individuals." The authors tell us that their object was to state actual facts in a plain, direct manner. From all this it might be supposed that Mr. Myers and Mr. Newton are offering a reasonably impartial, highly expert record of the Hoover Administration, with much new and confidential information. Unfortunately, nothing could be further from the truth.

Professor Myers and Mr. Newton doubtless had an opportunity to write a valuable history; instead, they chose to produce a campaign document. With much truth, it could be said that they have fallen between two stools—that this heavy book is not history, and is too dull and ponderous to be good campaign material. To begin with, about nine-tenths of the data presented are drawn from official records already open to the public. It consists of speeches, messages to Congress, White House press releases, published interviews, and the like. The "files and diaries" yield singularly little; there are a few new letters, a few "office memoranda," and nothing more. In the second place, Professor Myers and Mr. Newton chose to present this dry material in the dryest possible way. It is offered in the form of a daily log, one item following another in stiff chronological sequence. March 3, 1932, the Democratic National Committee attacks the President; March 4, the Senate authorizes investigation of the stock exchanges; March 6, the President makes a speech on money-hoarding, here reproduced verbatim — thus the chronicle runs. Perspective is thus cast overboard; of true interpretation there is none, of comment little. Finally, this comment is directed to showing that Mr. Hoover was one hundred per cent right one hundred per cent of the time.

Unquestionably, Mr. Hoover *was* right much of the time. If any man doubts his great abilities and high patriotism, this book contains ample material to correct the critic. But as an examination of the record it lacks both candor and thoroughness. The signing of the Smoot-Hawley outrage, Mr. Hoover's worst blunder, is slipped over virtually without mention. The total failure of his farm-relief plan—a failure that might have been predicted in advance, and that contrasts with the marked success of President Roosevelt's plan in raising farm prices and promoting rural recovery—is not mentioned. His stubborn position on direct Federal relief and the fact that he ultimately had to recede from this position are not discussed. The extraordinary manner in which Mr. Hoover gave out the prohibition report of the Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement finds no record in these pages. In short, on controversial questions the book is full of omissions and suppressions. It need not be said that it presents again the queer view that the American depression was due almost wholly to worldwide causes, and that Republican policies from 1921 to 1929 had nothing to do with it; the view that Mr. Hoover repeatedly had it whipped, when new disturbances in the outer world revived it. Nor need it be said that it presents the still queerer view that the banking panic of 1933 was due to the fact that the nation which had just elected Mr. Roosevelt by 7,200,000 plurality suddenly went crazy with fear because it had elected him. On this point, it is interesting to note that it does not contain Mr. Hoover's own contribution to panic, his "grass will grow in the streets of our cities" statement in the fall of 1932.

The book has its usefulness as a work of reference. It contains a good many documents and statements not easily available elsewhere. There are genuinely illuminating bits in it. We may instance Mr. Hoover's office memorandum of September 17, 1931, on Gerard Swope's plan for reorganizing American industry—which the authors somewhat unfairly state was the real genesis of NRA; the NIRA contained much more than Mr. Swope's scheme. Those who read between the lines can find in the volume evidence not only of Mr. Hoover's great powers, but of the mental inflexibility, the deep-seated prejudices, which often kept him from using these powers to the nation's advantage. But it is regrettable that Professor Myers and Mr. Newton did not seize the opportunity to be historians instead of mere tendentious compilers.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 98)

WILLIAM COWPER—"THE RETIRED CAT."

The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around in all that's done
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

Erratum

In the solution of Double-Crostic No. 96, printed two weeks ago, the word "whitehorn" should have read "whitethorn." The puzzle itself was constructed correctly.

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Reviewer bites book!

or, the strange case of the anonymous reviewer who didn't enjoy OLD MAN GREENLAW...

WE reprint here in full a curiosity of literary criticism. It appeared anonymously in the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW of February 9th as the review of a book. And then, by way of contrast, we offer three sentences from a reviewer's confession of faith which appeared February 8th in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "One of the reviewer's first duties is to announce a book which no one has seen but its author and publisher. It is quite as important that he should describe it accurately, which means that he should thoroughly understand it, as that he should rank it as bad, better, good. His description must record what effect the book should have upon a reasonably intelligent reader."

Measuring the review in the TIMES against the yardstick offered by the SATURDAY REVIEW, we submit in all fairness that though the TIMES reviewer had every right to dislike the book if he felt that way about it, before publishing his opinion of it as criticism it was important that he *understand* the book. That he was too tired, too bored, or too angry to do this is obvious. What he published was merely one man's distorted picture of a book that inexplicably annoyed him.

We did, after all, send advance copies of the book to other reasonably intelligent readers . . . men and women you know and respect...and their opinions, reprinted below, seem to us a truer picture of Old Man Greenlaw because they reveal an awareness of what the author was about:

Maine Villagers

OLD MAN GREENLAW. By Kenneth Payson Kempton. 302 *pp. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

A FISHING village on the Maine coast, not far from Portland, provides the setting for Kenneth Payson Kempton's first novel, "Old Man Greenlaw." Its central figure is Mahlon Greenlaw, garage owner and fisherman, 60, when the novel opens. When it closes he is two years older, and very well pleased with life, thanks partly to the promptitude with which the author has removed all the people in his way, and partly to Bern, the young woman he discovered the night the poorhouse burned down. For a while Bern remained Mahlon's secret, until his wife Juny obligingly but unintentionally made it possible for him to bring her into the house.

Mr. Kempton has apparently intended to write a humorous and sympathetic study of life in a Maine village. We have the men gathered at the grocery store on Saturday night, and their dull, dirty talk duly reported; we have the small, tedious feuds and the dreary gossip. Mahlon himself has been drawn with great care, and all his little mannerisms sedulously noted. There are even moments when he almost comes to life, such as that one when he steadies Juny's coffin, and during the oblique discussion of their race which he holds with his friend Zine. But neither he nor any other of the characters ever becomes a real, interesting human being, and though the novel is in fact of average length, its failure to hold the reader's attention makes it seem extremely long.

What others say

ROBERT NATHAN

The first to predict the success of *February Hill,* he now writes: "*Old Man Greenlaw* has the flavor of writing that I like best of all, dry and salty but good-tasting, simple but well-seasoned; ghost! but that's a good American book."

BLISS PERRY

The grand old man of New England letters acclaims a New England novelist: "I read *Old Man Greenlaw* a week ago, and have just been running through it again. The title seems to me just right and the author has created an extraordinarily vivid person. That old fellow is alive on every page. But all the characters are alive, for that matter; one can fairly smell them as if they were wild creatures. The water and the weather and the garage and the brown church are amazingly felt and rendered, and as for the plot, it gripped me from the beginning to the end. I consider it a triumph of sheer writing power...I am so convinced of the power of his descriptive writing and of the vitality of his characters that I should like to turn bookseller for a few weeks and tell my customers not to miss *Old Man Greenlaw.*"

VICTORIA LINCOLN

Herself the author of a bestseller, she writes: "*Old Man Greenlaw* is altogether innocent and charming and another surprise. If anyone had told me that I'd be touched—delighted with a story about a loveable old Down East character I'd have laughed. And the joke would have been on me. I could smell the smell of Maine all the time I was reading it, salt estuary and filling station and bayberry wasteland all mingled, the tenderest and most compelling smell in the world. Grand characters, too, so affectionately imagined."

DONALD GORDON

Forecaster supreme of the American News Company, wholesale distributors of books, whose guesses about book sales are phenomenal hits. He predicts: "Here's one with all sorts of chances. Public library boards may find portions offensive to the tender, but others'll relish a flavor unmistakeably authentic."

E. S. McCAWLEY

Famous bookseller, and President of the American Bookseller's Association, he should know a good book from a bad one. He says: "I enjoyed Old Man Greenlaw tremendously. I'm always partial to stories of Maine and this is one that has everything it takes to make a grand readable yarn. It rates***!"

RUMANA McMANUS

Another famous bookseller, of the *Hidden Book Shop* of New York, reports: "I *do* like it. It's New England without inhibitions and without Joseph Lincoln's saccharine touch. It has the flavor of *February Hill.*"

CARL CARMER

Whose *Stars Fell on Alabama* was a distinguished best seller last year pauses in the writing of his new book to say: "*Old Man Greenlaw* is a sincere, strong novel filled with penetrating characterization and authentic incident. Both as a story and as a study in Americana it is a thoroughgoing delight."

Our free offer

WE'RE sure that you'll enjoy *Old Man Greenlaw,* despite the pronouncement of our anonymous reviewer. We will therefore gladly send a copy of the book, for free examination, to any reader of the Saturday Review who is interested. Keep the book for a week. If you like it, pay for it; if you don't, return it to us and owe us nothing. The price of the book is $2.50. This offer expires February 23rd. Address Dep't. S., Farrar & Rinehart, 232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Old Man Greenlaw

By Kenneth Payson Kempton

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A Dublin Letter

BY PADRAIC COLUM

THE celebration of Dr. Yeats's seventieth birthday and his recent illness should have made people in Ireland realize how much has been done towards the creation of a national literature in one man's lifetime, and, it might be added, mainly through the efforts of that one man. When over forty years ago William Butler Yeats began to advocate and demonstrate a literature arising out of national life and national memory, there was no Irish theatre, Irish poetry was to a great extent rhetorical, and the Irish novel was altogether rollicking and anecdotal. His influence has made Irish poetry personal, the Irish theatre is his creation, and the Irish novel has gained its distinction by going to school to the dramatists and learning a new sort of construction and idiom from them and a more authentic type of character. Everything that is now admired in Irish literature was prophesied by him in articles written for an American journal as far back as 1888. He wrote:

> To the greater poets everything they see has its relation to the national life, and through that to the universal and divine life. . . . But to this universalism, this seeing of unity everywhere, you can only attain through what is near you, your nation, or, if you be no traveller, your village and the cobwebs on your walls.

But, it goes without saying, Dr. Yeats's practice and propaganda would have amounted to much less than they have if it had not been for a real national awakening, for the work of the Gaelic League, and for the immense influence of another propagandist whose service to national letters (Gaelic letters in this case) has also been celebrated recently—Dr. Douglas Hyde.

It is a few months ago since I read Dr. Yeats's latest publication, "The King of the Great Clock Tower." It is a short play, prose mixed with verse, with several extraordinary lyrics in it, with several other poems followed by pages of prose comment which, although dealing only with local politics and local history, is impassioned and philosophic.

The play is for dancers, singers, and players who wear masks; it is for production, not in a theatre, not even in a small theatre, but in a studio or a drawing-room; the performance even with the dance would not take more than a quarter of an hour. I do not pretend to know what the action signifies; I do not know what the lyrics signify, and the poet has been wise enough to refrain from even hinting at an interpretation. I know that I opened the pages as I was packing bags to go on a journey and I remained standing in the midst of that horrid disorder until I had read to the verses that close the curtain. And then I sat down to wonder how Yeats's latest work differs from his early and middle work and what he has put into it that makes it so much richer, so much more striking than the work he did twenty-five and forty years ago.

His later work becomes like myth, I reflected. Then an image came to me from a physicist I had been reading—the sound that comes from a fire or a waterfall, the physicist informed me, is made up of waves of all lengths mixed together, unlike the waves of certain length that come from an instrument. This new poetry of Yeats seems to have waves of all lengths in it. And is not this to say that it has more correspondence with myth than with anything else told or sung? Myth, unlike a legend or a tale, has imaginative waves of all lengths mixed up in it, making a confusion that is like the sound of a fire or a waterfall. Very few poets have been able to give us this disturbing sense of all sorts of wave-lengths set going: perhaps Blake does it oftener than anyone else.

> Hear the voice of the Bard
> Who present, past and future sees,
> Whose ears have heard
> The holy Word
> That walked amongst the ancient trees.

Well, that sense of myth is in this little play and in the lyrics sung in it, and perhaps the simplest way of stating the poet's progress is to say that he has become a creator and a chanter of myths.—

> I cannot face that emblem of the moon,
> Nor eyelids that the unmixed heavens dart,
> Nor stand upon my feet, so great a fright
> Descends upon my savage, sunlit heart—
> What can she lack whose emblem is the moon?
> But desecration and the lover's night!

Besides the play with its lyrics there are several poems and prose that become pronouncements on singing in the theatre, Irish history, Christian theology. The poet speaks of a friend who assured him that he saw a strange light in the sky when Parnell was being interred, and says "I ask if the fall of a star may not upon occasion symbolize an accepted sacrifice." And a dreary period in Irish history takes some form and color in the comment that begins

> When the Huguenot artists designed the tapestries for the Irish House of Lords, depicting the Battle of the Boyne and the siege of Derry, they celebrated the defeat of their old enemy Louis XIV, and the establishment of a Protestant Ascendency which was to impose upon Catholic Ireland an oppression copied in all details from that imposed upon the French Protestants.

Lyle Donaghy is, I think, the youngest in the succession of Irish poets, and the volume, "Into the Light," published by the Cuala Press, is the first collection of his poems to come into my hands. He is an authentic poet—one who has made his own discoveries, formed his own idiom, and made what he has written significant for his own time and place. Still this poet has faults: he is diffuse; some of his poems, for all their fervor, lack focus. I will quote one of his real achievements—the poem "The Moon Lustres the Sand" which seems to me superb—

> The moon lustres the sand, and heaped pearl ore;
> The wind puts bold detached hands on the shore;
> Slowly from cliff and sea, quick shimmering dreams
> Come, and the long sob fades out of our lives,
> And in the wave the earth-dark heron strikes,
> And from the wrackweeds bend the unbroken streams.
> O, still unmoved,
> O, thrice beloved,
> What was it that sighed hence, that moved your hair?
> Was it the earth heart going back to weep?
> No matter, Oh, no matter, it will bear
> Heavy trouble, heavy kindness, heavy sleep;
> But seaward far the white-maned Centaur gleams;
> The wrackweeds bend through the engulfing streams.

And the poems entitled "Un Urbe," "Tir na n'Og," "Portrait," "Sonnet on the Undoers," "Sonnet to the Oppressors" have a focus with the fervency that is in all his poems. There is another—its title I shall not give because it is in Irish—which seems to me the most bardic piece written in Ireland in our time. It begins—

> Son of renown, can that voice be his
> Which swelled in the dun, in the brugh, in the lis—
> Nay, MacLiag sleeps yonder, his deeds are all wrought,
> His songs all sung, his battles fought.

With his luxuriant imagery, Lyle Donaghy recalls the seventeenth-century English poets. He is significant in the Irish literary life of today because he puts into his poems a personal passion and yet is able to make these poems reflect the colors and the stories of the land.

Quest of Empire

SUTTER OF CALIFORNIA. By Julian Dana. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $3.50.

WHEN published two years ago this biography received an excellent press. Mr. Dana had discovered and embodied in it new material on the Badenese who quested empire and whose name is inseparable from the history of early California. This reissue of a most readable biography of a genuine pioneer, written both with scholarship and in graphic fashion with full regard for all the dramatic elements of the story, should enlist the interest of many readers.

This full story of Sutter has been needed to place the extraordinary Swiss in his deserved historical niche. In the French of Blaise Cendrars we have already had the poet's view of him and his achievement. Now we have just the proper historical presentation. We are glad it is before us in permanent form, for the archives. But it is not a book to languish in library stacks—for the writing of it has energy and color and the period is brought to life with a wealth of interesting detail.

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Nothing too Little

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES: Containing the Tours through England and Wales of the Hon. John Byng (later fifth Viscount Torrington) between the Years 1781 and 1794. Edited by C. Bruyn Andrews. Volumes I and II. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1935. $4.50 *each.*

Reviewed by EDMUND G. BURBANK

DOCTOR JOHNSON once said: "There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery, and as much happiness, as possible." His ardent admirer, the Hon. John Byng, was attentive to little things as he rode on horseback through England. He thrilled at the nightingale's "dolefullest dittie" in the overhanging woods of the Peak country. He searched for poetic inscriptions on gravestones and collected scraps of stained glass from glaziers, returning eagerly to the excellent food and wines of the Haycock Inn at Wansford Bridge.

The disfiguration as well as the beauty of changing England gripped his attention. Hamerton "was truly the deserted village." Rural virtues were leaving the land. The new turnpikes and mail coaches were ruining the serene, secluded villages where the Parson Woodfordes lived and where things in general seemed settled forever. Byng deplored the desertion of the old manors; the strength, glory, and religion of the country were tumbling down with these seats of hospitality. England's power seemed to rest not so much on the steel of Sheffield as on the benevolence of the squire. Bustling Cromford, made prosperous by "the three marvellous cotton mills" of Sir Richard Arkwright, alarmed this poet-antiquary who feared for the country and its pleasures. Byng feared too that the days of the Established Church were numbered. In a few years all the cathedrals must crumble as had the west end of Hereford Cathedral in 1786. The spirit of the Church was as dilapidated as the fabric.

The diary is more than a lament for the living England. It is the frame for the portrait of a great-hearted gentleman, a Kentish Byng, nephew of that admiral who was shot to encourage the others. The nephew followed his ancestors into the service of the King, joining the Royal Foot-Guards and rising to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. On his retirement in 1780, he prepared to view at length the England he had known in Shakespeare, Camden, Fielding, and a host of others.

In the summer thereafter, Byng sought refuge from the frippery of London, which, long before Cobbett, he nicknamed the Wen. After his monotonous duties in the Inland Revenue at Somerset House, Byng's water-colors and diaries enlivened the winter evenings. His conceit was justified when he said that "of all the tours I read I like my own best." In them there was no trace of camps and stamps—

> His early days were spent at Camps,
> His latter days were pass'd at Stamps

was his inadequate summary of his life. Nor were there many allusions to his London friends. Formal dinners, unless they were with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Boswell, or General Paoli, brought him only yawns and indigestion. Gay hours were passed with Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean scholar, on the beach at Weymouth, but Byng wearied quickly of Weymouth sands and Cheltenham waters. They suited the flirt and fortune hunter, but not the man of quiet turn who preferred little things in the company of such congenial travellers as John Osborne and Colonel Bertie. The diarist and Osborne admired the aged splendor of Chepstow Castle and John Wilkinson's new iron bridge over the Severn; together they mourned the passing of old England. And as he was nearing home after a tour in Sussex, Byng wistfully noted that the old archepiscopal palace at Croydon was "now abandoned to the uses of a callico printer; the casements are taken out of the old hall, the gardens are demolished, etc. 'Imperial Caesar dead, and turned to clay.'"

Edmund G. Burbank is a member of the department of history at Yale University.

Soil Erosion

DESERTS ON THE MARCH. By Paul B. Sears. Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press. 1935. $2.50.

MR. SEARS has given us a clear, non-technical explanation of soil erosion and a vivid description of the endless battle between forest and grass and between grass and desert. The discussion is interesting, authoritative, and convincing as long as the author deals with the forces of nature.

Less authoritative and not so convincing, however, are Mr. Sears's excursions into the economic and social forces which interfere with those of nature. Ranging from the profit motive to birth control, the approach can certainly be called comprehensive. There are many startling ideas such as the suggestion that Great Britain promoted irrigation in the Sudan to punish Egypt for daring to want independence, that our government has not yet won the Whiskey Rebellion, that the mountain whites of the South have excellent gardens, and that country bankers should appraise land on the basis of average yield; but the reader is often at sea as to the connection of these ideas with soil erosion.

While decrying man's carelessness in exposing loose soil to wind and water, Mr. Sears admits that in a short time a change in the climatic cycle can often be of far greater moment in shifting the boundaries of vegetation. He tells us how quickly nature won the battle for the land in the Sand Hills of Nebraska. An interesting thought is his suggestion that lack of private ownership of (and consequently lack of responsibility for) grazing lands has been the reason for much of the damage to grazing lands and forests in the West. The institution of private property ought to have "a genuine trial," he says.

Mr. Sears thinks that the damage man is doing to the soil can be arrested by science. The great problem as he sees it is to translate scientific knowledge into farm and political practice.

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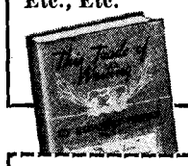

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE radical poets gather strength. Random House has just brought out "Before the Brave" by *Kenneth Patchen,* and Dynamo (156 W. 44 Street), the same firm that published *Kenneth Fearing's* "Poems," has just issued *Edwin Rolfe's* "To My Contemporaries." Patchen is twenty-five years old and Rolfe twenty-seven. The former was born in Niles, Ohio; the latter in Philadelphia. Patchen is the son of a steel worker, was for a year at Professor Meiklejohn's Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin—where, incidentally, he distinguished himself at track and football—and since then has been a migratory worker all over the country and in Canada. Rolfe was reared in the labor movement and has long been associated with the labor press. He has also worked in many other occupations. He was one of four poets to contribute to "We Gather Strength," a booklet of revolutionary poems.

Patchen is indubitably the better poet, and also the more difficult to understand. Rolfe's poetry is never too disjointed, but Patchen's figurative language is frequently as difficult as the late *Hart Crane's.* "The Magic Car" begins,

"O splendid to reach a craft and creed: smoke
Selling sky the fingers of this florid ruin;
Our foggy cities slain in silence, joy's
Commencement stilled in commerce willing
Wars and death—out there is signal, neighbor, friend, and love."

One gets the idea; but it is almost as though it were stated in a foreign language. The young poets are evolving a new kind of figurative speech, which in time to come may seem no more difficult to later readers than *Browning* seems to us now. Browning, in fact, is absurdly simple compared to some of *W. H. Auden.* If I have to read a poem three times and then can't paraphrase what the man is saying, at least the gist of it, in ordinary words, I don't consider that what he has to say is of any importance, though his way of saying it may have a wild attractiveness. If Mr. Patchen did not sound so vatic at times it wouldn't matter what he was saying, and one could merely enjoy his word-slinging. But he is a very serious young man, and would have us hearken to him. Therefore I think his method is more or less a mistake. Certainly no worker would be able to murmur anything but an astonished "Jeez!" at some of this writing, though Mr. Patchen's best poem, "Joe Hill Listens to the Praying"—and a fine poem it is!—would hit any bindlestiff right where he lived. But the more cultivated reader will find beautiful passages ever and again:

She moves in pride and nothingness.
O maiden-myth, thy burnished arms are more beautiful than death is beautiful.
O foam-voice why doubt? it shall ever be
Not lonely.

There are extraordinary phrases: "The speaking mouth's a hearse of wasted days," "wind-murdered hair," "like pale fruitless orchards on the roaring slope of despair," "Like a wonderful lion in dream of redemption," and so on. In these phrases is the stuff of poetry—and yet who was it, in the Iliad, who was always addressing others in "whirling words"? It reminds me of that. There is the effect of mere rhetoric, and to tell you the truth, when one has weighed it, rhetoric doesn't assay very high. There is the scorn and hatred of old men, the call to madness and to dance the carmagnole, a lot of sincere and justified anger at oppression and sympathy with the workers. And yet it is rather as though John Donne had gone Red. So far, to me, Mr. Patchen has merely said "I am here" in no uncertain voice. It remains to be seen how he will consolidate his position. As it is he has careless power and enthusiasm.

Mr. Rolfe's book is that of an utterly sincere communist, and one can read it with respect without thinking of it as particularly distinguished poetry. It is not. But its view of the mind of a revolutionist is an instructive one, and occasionally I found it very moving.

Longmans, Green and Company publishes the latest volume by *Theodore Maynard,* the distinguished Catholic poet. It is entitled "Man and Beast." Twenty years ago no less a poet than *G. K. Chesterton* commented upon Mr. Maynard's "artistic pugnacity, a thing that goes with true artistic pleasure." Maynard's is a lovable spirit, though for his more ambitious poems I cannot much care: the Assumpta Maria of his Coronation Ode or the David of "Radix Jesse." As certain verses of *Christopher Smart's* famous "Song of David," are to me pure genius, I cannot entertain lesser exposition in that metre. But in several of Maynard's briefer devotional poems there lurks a charm such as was George Herbert's. Yet Maynard is in this world too, for all his secret life of devotion; and in writing "The Mysterious Music," which he makes a very real experience, he blends both worlds in a modern manner. And there is a verse in a poem of love of his that I must quote:

You have two ways
(These chiefly) of bewitching me:
When, like a spring-awakened avalanche,
Comes startling tenderness; and when your days—
Like April's golden branch
In blossom—glitter with your raillery.

Also I like his comparison of East Indian and English weather, his boyhood memories of India, his portraits of the tigress and hippopotamus, and, as an example of his notable powers of description, this fine original sonnet:

IN PUGET SOUND

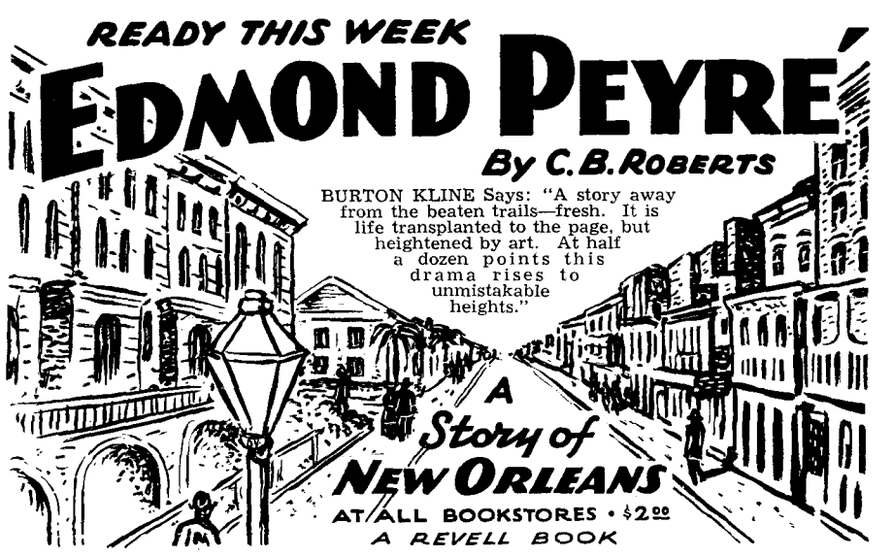
All beauty gathers here: the land-locked seas,
Jewelled with islands where the tall pines rise;
Snow on the mountains; sunset on the skies—
And yet I had no time to look at these:
But only at the wings that caught the breeze,
Grey wings, white-fringed, of gulls whose greedy eyes
Sought for dropped refuse, snatched with greedy cries—
A flapping tumult of voracities.

Yet one might see them from the dirty wharf
Of any port go up in sliding flight,
Serene—save for heads shifty as a rat's;
One half a seraph, crow the other half:
Absolute beauty, black heart, bosom white,
More lovely and more loveless than a cat's.

Nor can I leave his book without giving space to the following brevity, in which his humor shines:

EPITAPH ON THE PRESENT AGE

We are much wiser than our sires, no doubt—
And yet the one thing we are sure about
Is that our sons will rip us inside out.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The New Books

Art

A HISTORY OF MOSAICS. By Edgar Waterman Anthony. Boston: Porter Sargent. 1935. $7.50.

In this clearly written and fully illustrated book the author sticks very close to the scope of a history or chronicle, omitting or touching only incidentally stylistic matters with which he seems eminently fitted to cope. We have to do with an elaborated repertory after the fashion of the useful collections of the late Salomon Reinach, but a repertory on a far more generous scale of text and illustration. On the whole, the three hundred cuts are merely sufficient for identification and iconography. The record is carried from the earliest mosaics to the present. There is an exemplary bibliography and index. It is perhaps unfortunate that the book went to press while the uncovering of the mosaics of Santa Sophia was incomplete, as also the remarkable discovery of mosaics at Antioch. But this may be matter for a second edition. The only previous treatise on mosaics is the outdated manual of Gerspach. Thus Mr. Anthony's book fills a real need and should be welcomed. Besides the regular edition, which is handsome in format and printing, there is a limited edition of fifty autographed copies at $20.

F. J. M.

Drama

FIRST LADY. By Katherine Dayton and George S. Kaufman. Random House. 1935. $2.

In attractive format this comedy of our capital city which made its first appearance on Broadway last November is now put forth in book form. It received at that time a most enthusiastic press and is one of the winter season's successful plays. As a book it is an addition to anyone's library of the contemporary theatre.

W. R. B.

Fiction

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE. By Marian Sims. Lippincott. 1936. $2.

Southern people frequently object to the popularity, among Northern readers, of such novelists as Caldwell and Faulkner, who show the South at—or beyond—its worst. Why, they ask, don't the young novelists write about some of the decent, civilized people who live below the Potomac? That is what Mrs. Sims has done, up to a point, in "The World with a Fence." It is an engaging, pleasant story of a Georgia girl who teaches school in a small town, moves to Atlanta, makes friends among the nice people, and falls in love with a married man. But it is all done on such a superficial level that this reviewer, who read the book two weeks before publication date, no longer even remembers the name of the heroine. She is more interesting as a school teacher, although her role is the conventional one of a Southern Carol Kennicott on a Georgia main street, than she is later in her stereotyped love affair. This is precisely because the author overburdens her characters with a plot which makes their lives turn out too conveniently to be interesting. And the willingness of Mrs. Sims, and other young novelists, to overlook the human possibilities in their material in order to write magazine stories, is a possible reason why the horror school of Southern fiction receives what may seem a disproportionate amount of attention.

G. S.

BLACK THUNDER. By Arna Bontemps. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

Certainly where the writing of history ends and the writing of fiction begins is not always easy to tell. Nevertheless, though Arna Bontemps calls her "Black Thunder" a novel, she has only written vivid black flesh upon the historical bones of Gabriel's Insurrection which in August, 1800, so terrified little Richmond that the chill of terror still stirs along the spine of the South. Other insurrections of slaves in the South are better known but none crept so stealthily near to success as that led in the August night by Thomas Prosser's powerful black coachman to whom somehow something of the spirit of Toussaint l'Ouverture had come in Virginia. A storm that fell from heaven to choke the creeks and rivers held them back and saved white folk in Richmond from dying in their beds. A renegade black man slipped through and warned the whites and at the end there were long days of hangings, halted only after Gabriel himself hung upon the gallows.

From this historical story Miss Bontemps has departed little if at all. What she has done is to make Thomas Prosser a white devil, and Gabriel no mere Negro with a sharpened scythe blade but a leader and a man. She has given Gabriel a tempestuous brown wench, and added color to her tale of angry black men fighting for freedom and hunted for the gallows in her descriptions of handsome yellow Melody whom young planters like Robin Sheppard and young Yankee radicals like Alexander Biddenhurt went in the dark to see, and of the family of M. Creuzot, the French printer, who found Jefferson's Virginia not the healthiest of places in 1800 for one who believed in the Rights of Man. Certainly she has brought alive the Richmond of that month of terror, brought it alive to move convincingly and swiftly in the pages of a fiction which is a good deal truer than most history as historians used to write it before fictionists began to write it for them.

J. D.

PENDULUM SWING. By Mary Mitchell. Kendall & Sharp. 1935. $2.50.

In Mary Mitchell there is something of the moralist who exists in every good novelist of manners, the moralist whose code, however unorthodox, is based upon fundamental values clearly perceived. Miss Mitchell has a scrupulous awareness of truth. It is as though her mind held a tuning-fork that enabled her always to preserve, in the midst of complex clashes of character, an exquisite sense of pitch. She has a more than ordinarily penetrating understanding of the motives that underlie behavior, and of the shades of motives, the small dishonesties, the flats and sharps of truth. Her characters deceive themselves, but never, never their author. She has weighed each

Mystery News Note

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one in an impartial scale and knows his exact and fundamental worth.

It is rare to find this quality of judgment in an author, as rare as it is to find characters as roundly and clearly shown as the people in "Pendulum Swing." Miss Mitchell lets them reveal themselves in gesture and dialogue; their minds are made as open to us as our own; and always there is the quick, naturally-springing play of their reactions to each other, caught with a subtlety and sureness that makes every page of the book an entertainment and a shrewd commentary on human nature.

There is always fascination in the story of a Cinderella, and Christina, Miss Mitchell's heroine, is a Cinderella seen realistically. It is absorbing to watch the growth of a life stunted, thwarted, twisted, struggling towards security and light; perhaps because there is something of Christina in every human being, we cannot help being interested in her, plain and forlorn as she is. But for her troubles there is no fairy-godmother, no pumpkin coach, there is only an inner unfoldment, an expansion from the mold of an inferiority complex,—this grace, and only this, Miss Mitchell accords her heroine.

C. C.

International

AMERICA MUST ACT. By Francis Bowes Sayre. Boston: World Peace Foundation. 1936. *75 cents.*

In this illuminating little book the author, Assistant Secretary of State, reveals the inconsistency in America's post-war international economic policies. Using the analysis of the international balance of payments to good effect, he shows convincingly how high tariffs accompanied by large foreign loans have not brought either economic peace or prosperity, but on the contrary, ill-will, industrial and agricultural depression, and debt defaults. A new program of reciprocal trade agreements is now being evolved at Washington, and the latter pages of this book are concerned with its possibilities for liberalizing world trade and thus promoting general economic revival.

C. T.

Miscellaneous

RUSSIAN BALLETS. By Adrian Stokes. Dutton. 1936. $2.50.

This book examines at length eight ballets and discusses briefly six others all of which are in the repertory of the Monte Carlo ballet company. The story of each ballet is told fully, the movements, sets, and costumes are described. The innovations of various ballets and their importance in ballet development are discussed, particularly in the relation of dancing to music.

The book fulfils its intention of serving as a guide to this or that ballet and would recall the choreography in detail to a nostalgic balletomane. However, the descriptions of abstract movement are continually padded with Mr. Stokes's personal reactions, which are sometimes definitive but more often fanciful. Interpretations of dancing are more forgivable than interpretations of music because of the absence of any workable dance notation.

(*Continued on page* 30)

The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

A Word Is Born

THE name of Gilbert Abbott has not come rolling sturdily down the ringing grooves of change. Gilbert Abbott, it should be indicated, had nothing in common, beyond contemporaneity of existence and two-thirds of his name, with Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, youthful editor of *Punch* and author of comic histories of England and Rome whose fate it has become to head the roll-call of so many auction catalogues.

It was Gilbert Abbott's ill fortune to have a vascular tumor on the left side of his neck. It was his most immense good fortune, on October 16, 1846, to have the tumor painlessly excised at the Massachusetts General Hospital by Dr. John C. Warren, thanks to the ingenuity of William Thomas Green Morton, whose fame as the discoverer of super-induced unconsciousness has laudably survived his immediate effort to turn his prowess into hard cash. The rest of his career and the story of the I-saw-it-first squabble that involved Morton and his rivals is not pleasant to contemplate—no one of them, alas, perfected a sedative for outraged dignity, narrow pride, or tortured spirit. Morton died in 1868 of apoplexy supposedly brought on by one of the innumerable resurgences of the quarrel.

Morton called his magic compound "letheon," but he fashioned no designation for the state which his letheon produced. The void was soon filled. On November 21, 1846, a bare five weeks after Gilbert Abbott's mild ordeal, a letter was addressed to Morton by a Boston physician who, fifteen years earlier to the day, had inserted in the Brahminical *Transcript* a paid notice (shades of Hippocrates!) which had read: "Dr. O. W. Holmes has taken an office at No. 34 Tremont Row." Dr. Holmes's letter read:

My dear Sir:

Everybody wants to have a hand in a great discovery. All I will do is to give you a hint or two as to names—or the name—to be applied to the state produced and the agent.

The state should, I think, be called "Anaesthesia." This signifies insensibility—more particularly (as used by Linnaeus and Cullen) to objects of touch. (See Good—Nosology, p. 259.)

The adjective will be "anaesthetic." Thus we might say the state of anaesthesia, or the anaesthetic state. The means employed would be properly called the anti-aesthetic agent. Perhaps it might be allowable to say anaesthetic agent, but this admits of question.

The words anti-neuric, aneuric, neuro-leptic, neuro-lepsis, neuro-stasis, etc., seem too anatomical; whereas the change is a physiological one. I throw them out for consideration.

I would have a name pretty soon, and consult some accomplished scholar, such as President Everett or Dr. Bigelow, senior, before fixing upon the terms, which will be repeated by the tongues of every civilized race of mankind. You could mention these words which I suggest, for their consideration; but there may be others more appropriate and agreeable.

Yours respectfully,

O. W. Holmes.

Dr. Morton.

Dr. Holmes erred in calling Mr. Morton Dr. Morton. Morton was not at the moment an M.D., and he never received a medical degree in course. In 1849 Washington University in Baltimore bestowed upon him an honorary M.D.

The epochal Holmes letter was first printed in a pamphlet issued in Boston in 1847: "Some Account of the Letheon, or Who Is the Discoverer?" In the second edition, of the same year, "was" was substituted for "is," according to George B. Ives's bibliography of Holmes, which dismisses this tremendous trifle with annoying casualness. The pamphlet is rare to the degree of approximate uniquity.

Now the Compleat Collector's interest in total anaesthesia has been purely academic ever since a juvenile tonsilectomy. But his interest in the business from a bibliophilic point of view was aroused some months since by a visit to the Hoosier Bookshop of Anthony J. Russo at 2242 Park Avenue, Indianapolis. Mr. Russo had just secured a remarkable anaesthetic library (meaning nothing invidious, and naming no readily recurring names) which included a copy of the third edition of "Some Account of the Letheon." Mr. Russo has recently completed the cataloguing of the 122 items in this collection, which is offered at a set price *en bloc* if disposed of before July 1st, after which date, if the collection has not been sold as a unit, individual items will be available at listed figures. Only in the catalogue of the Surgeon General's Library at Washington is a copy of the first edition of the "Letheon" pamphlet listed. Even that comprehensive medical collection lacks the second edition.

Mr. Russo's catalogue is itself a valuable contribution to medical literature. Almost every item listed in it carries a quotable description—one lot, the Compleat Collector gleefully noted, "shows a typical doctor's repair job on the front cover." There is a special poignancy in a copy of Nathan P. Rice's "Trials of a Public Benefactor" (New York, 1859), which also included the Holmes letter among its numerous exhibits. This copy is inscribed on the flyleaf: "R. H. Eddy, Esq., with kind regards of Wm. T. G. Morton." Mr. Russo's catalogue note adds: "Eddy was the lawyer who patented the new process for Morton in November, 1846. Pathetically enough, Eddy apparently opened the book often to page 168, where 'a great deal of money' was believed possible from the patent. Eddy's name appears in print here, and he must have liked to look at it as well as to reassure himself when he had cause to regret his action. For this reason, the loose signature speaks volumes."

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE many friends and readers of Mr. Don Marquis were shocked last week to hear of his illness, following a stroke of partial paralysis. No writer of his time is more wholeheartedly loved, and we join the universal hope for his early recovery. Mr. Marquis was near the completion of a long novel which goes back to the Illinois scenes familiar to his boyhood, including memories of Knox College.

☞Nothing ever gives Old Quercus such stimulant as the catalogues of University Presses. Intelligent booklovers should collect and study them. ☞In Baltimore one snowy day last week Q. retired to the Oyster Cove of the famous old Hotel Rennert and under the mural painting of Lord Jim (the room is decorated with paintings of sea-characters by George Gray) he incubated the catalogue of the Johns Hopkins Press. ☞They have recently published *A Doctor's Odyssey* by A. G. Beaman, a biography of the late Dr. Le Roy Crummer, famous both as heart specialist and bibliophile; with a foreword by A. Edward Newton. ☞Among volumes and monographs issued by the Johns Hopkins Press these appeal to inquisitioning Q.:—*Aliphatic Free Radicals* by Rice (not politics but chemistry); *Evolution of Facial Expression* by Huber; *Heredity of Savageness in Mice*, by Coburn; *Behavior of the Rat in Latch-Box Situations*, by Lashley; *The Happy Beast in French Thought of the XVII Century*, by Boas. ☞Interesting to publishers of juveniles would be Florence Bamberger's monograph on *Effect of the Physical Make-Up of a Book upon Children's Selection*. ☞To Q. himself one of the most appealing titles in the J. H. U. list is *Dialogues Curieux entre le Baron de Lahontan et un Sauvage de Bon Sens*. This, edited by Professor Gilbert Chinard from the text of 1703, is said to be a highly important item in early Americana.

☞Various thoughts or glimpses that have pleased old Pettifog Quercus in recent months: Emerson's remark (in the essay on *Wealth*) that "Coal is portable climate." ☞Why has no merchant of calories ever used this as a motto? ☞The map on the cover of the 1936 *World-Telegram Almanac* shows the British Isles solidly connected to the continent of Europe. ☞Interested by the United Feature Syndicate publishing (1188 copies, at $10) 22 unpublished letters of R. and E. B. Browning. Mrs. Browning in Florence was enabled to write some excellent poems by taking two tablespoons of cod-liver oil daily. ☞One of the last public servants knighted by King George V was that fine publisher Humphrey Milford of the Oxford University Press. ☞Outside the Women's University Club, N. Y., a truck marked Cicero Construction Co.; wondered if the girls are resuming Latin. ☞The U. S. Mail truck that sorts its packages on the pavement in front of 500 Fifth Avenue. ☞Sir Kenelm Digby's noble story of the naiveté of St. Francis—which could only be printed in a scholarly journal. ☞The little-known richness of the PLMA (Publications of the Modern Language Association), artlessly told but full of mincemeat. ☞A golden scroll in Bonwit Teller's window, saying "The definite expression of the Smart Woman's Angle." ☞Our favorite smart women have no angles; only tender curves and asymptotes. ☞Lithographs by George Bellows (try Keppel's, on 57 Street). ☞Inexpensive Americana at the Cadmus Book Shop, 18 W. 56. ☞Illustrated booklets of the Railways of India and Burma: for instance the pamphlet on Udaipur (where Bagheera broke the lock). ☞A small-town hotel on West 59 Street where you can buy lunch for 40 cents; just like something out of our well-loved Middle West—wonder if you can identify it; it has an old Dutch name. ☞Autumn crickets, clanking their tiny chains. ☞In the Mark Twain celebrations no one quoted the superb poem the late Owen Seaman wrote in *Punch* when Mark died—we recall it only dimly: won't someone look it up?

☞Farrar and Rinehart call attention to the fact that the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, which opened last April, closes April 30, 1936. Any author whose contractual obligations permit him to enter the contest is eligible. Novels submitted must be previously unpublished in any form, and not under 50,000 words long. The prizes offered include $5,000 on account of a 15% royalty by Farrar and Rinehart for U. S. book rights; $3,000 by the Literary Guild for Book Club rights; $2,500 by Warner Bros. as an option on world motion picture rights; £1,000 on account of royalties by Ivor, Nicholson & Watson for English book rights; various amounts ranging from £50 to $500 for book rights in Germany, Spain, France, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Canada; also £30 on royalty account for Continental Edition in English. Total comes to $11,000 plus £1,455 plus 10,000 francs: figure it out yourself. Judges in the various countries involved (Italy dropped out) will make one selection for each country; from these the prize-winner will be chosen next summer by a final committee of five judges, Carl Van Doren, Hugh Walpole, Johan Bojer, Rudolph G. Binding, and Gaston Rageot. The contest is sponsored by the Literary Agents, Eric S. Pinker & Adrienne Morrison of New York, to whom MS. should be submitted and inquiries made, and James B. Pinker & Son of London.

☞The Booksellers' League Annual Dinner & Dance will be held Feb. 19 at the Aldine Club. Thomas Wolfe, Father Bernard R. Hubbard, Carolyn Marx, and Caroline L. Lloyd will speak, and Francis X. Howard, president of the League, will master the toasts. ☞Thomas Wolfe, we learn, is one of the twelve outstanding young men of 1935, as listed by Richard Blank & Co., publishers of *America's Young Men*. Donald C. Peattie, author of *An Almanac for Moderns* and *Singing in the Wilderness*, is the only other author on the list.

KUNIANG, whose Western beauty blossomed and grew to perfection in the dusty world of Peking . . . ELISALEX, the exotic Russian, who had brazenly exploited the fascination men found in her . . . THE FIVE VIRTUES, servants who ruled their master's house... These are among the characters that people the pages of

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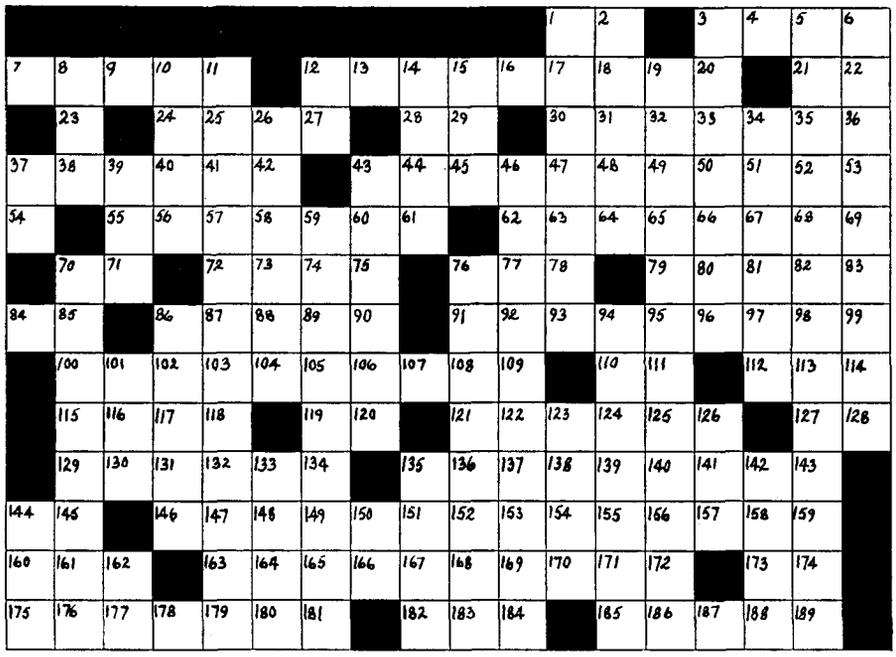
Double-Crostics: No. 99

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Refined; exalted.

II. A Biblical field of bloodshed.

III. Snowy; pure shining white.

IV. Paltry.

V. Greek god of infatuation.

VI. National Park.

VII. A needle-shaped peak.

VIII. Old-fashioned movie exhibition.

IX. Shortened.

X. Hypocritical (comp.).

XI. A lock-up (slang).

XII. Requiring immediate action.

XIII. Chinese skiff.

XIV. Imprecation.

XV. American woman novelist (1880—).

XVI. Treats with contempt.

XVII. Rumanian composer (1882—).

XVIII. Sluggish.

XIX. Cheap finery.

XX. A form of cauliflower.

XXI. A poem by Longfellow.

XXII. Mohammedan Supreme Being.

XXIII. Barren.

XXIV. Delicate.

XXV. A loud cry.

WORDS

20 98 141 167 56 152 76 63 39 27

67 149 114 36 146 23 133 138

77 157 87 169 22 188 15

125 11 107 185 135 43 82

100 112 163

111 40 99 86 30 25 106 10

64 160 85 13 182 35 178 118

158 179 171 24 143 187 53 78 176 97 26

140 129 121 174 177 91 151 37 57 166 9

51 55 108 120 186 137 88 66

113 28 119 162 130 181 70 127

122 93 52 159 172 8 161

32 94 117 101 123 65

19 164 47 165 104 80 156 96 59 136

84 132 14 5 147 42

3 44 60 89 38 184

34 170 128 148 79 173

144 62 131 153 183 116 109 21

29 6 83 102 45 2 68 90

110 150 73 33 48 12 142 105

189 18 103 180 72 92 168 49 154 7

74 81 75 155 58

41 115 175 46 4 31 61 145 124 17

95 16 54 69 134 71

126 50 1 139

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 28)

Whether or not one has similar reactions one must admit that Mr. Stokes's imagination is amazingly receptive to dancing.

The chapter on "Swan Lake," a classical ballet, contains some profound reflections on ballet dancing. An audience today is continually asking why a form so artificial is chosen for the expression of either abstract or realistic ideas. We know that the artificialities of ballet, for instance, the turned-out hips and legs and the "points," have accumulated over a period of two hundred and fifty years to give greater freedom of movement and to increase elevation. But why have greater freedom of movement than is natural to man and why greater elevation? Mr. Stokes gives the clue to this desire for virtuosity in movement. Ballet, he says is not, like Oriental dancing, symbolic of a religious or martial exercise. It is a "display of assurance," a "product of successful civilization." "Execution, however difficult, is performed with the appearance of ease. . . . Display is the prime objective of classical ballet. . . . Man has always wished to fly . . ." All the innovations in ballet have glorified man's defiance of the force of gravity.

E. G.

Brief Mention

Miscellaneous notes on recent books include *A Catalogue of American Genealogies* in the library of the Long Island Historical Society, prepared by Emma Toedteberg (Published by the Long Island Historical Society, Brooklyn, New York). This collection is one of the richest in America. * * * An important scholarly work in a narrow but rewarding field is Ethel Seaton's *Literary Relations of England and Scandinavia in the Seventeenth Century* (Oxford, $5). * * * Another scholarly book which contributes to both literary and political history is *Ireland Through Tudor Eyes*, by Edward M. Hinton (University of Pennsylvania Press, $2). This is an attempt to give information about a difficult period of Irish history gleaned from English literary records. * * * William W. Manross has published *A History of the American Episcopal Church* (Morehouse Company, Milwaukee, Wis., $2.75) which should be valuable for librarians. * * * The year of Mark Twain's Centenary is properly celebrated by a revised and enlarged edition of Merle Johnson's *Bibliography of the Works of Mark Twain* (Harper, $10). * * * Another recent bibliography is Alfred P. Lee's *A Bibliography of Christopher Morley* (Doubleday, Doran, $4). * * * The new volume of the monumental variorum edition of *The Works of Edmund Spenser* contains Book IV of *The Faerie Queen*, edited by Ray Heffner, Special Editor (Johns Hopkins Press, $6). * * * The Cambridge University Press has published a little book on *Contemporary German Philosophy* by Werner Brock ($2). * * * A contribution from France to the study of American literature is *Edith Wharton: Etude Critique*, published by Librairie E. Droz, the author, E. K. Brown, Professor in the University of Toronto. * * * Several special books on history follow: *William Penn*

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and the Dutch Quaker Migration to Pennsylvania, by William I. Hull, published by Swarthmore College; *Nevada: History of the State from the Earliest Times to the Civil War,* by Effie Mona Mack (Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, California, $6.) * * * To the rapidly growing library of books about South African history the Oxford University Press adds *March Hare,* the autobiography of Elsa Smithers, a woman who seems to have involved herself in all famous happenings of the 19th century period in that region. * * * *War and Diplomacy in the Japanese Empire,* by Tatsu Takeuchi, is an intimate, revealing analysis of the structure and psychology of the Japanese government. This is a technical diplomatic study (Doubleday, Doran, $4.50). * * * Two lengthy essays in book form are published by Sheed & Ward: *The Threat to European Civilization,* by Ludwig Freund ($1.50), an attack on anti-Semitism, and *The Will to Freedom,* by Ross J. S. Hoffman ($1.50), who "attacks the high political problem of our age": how to secure a state power strong enough to resist the forces that are disturbing Western society.

Erratum

"Ur Excavations," reviewed in our issue of February 1, is distributed in this country by the University of Pennsylvania Press; not, as the review stated, by the Oxford University Press.

PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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WHO WILL "grubstake" practical inventor, with money making background, for substantial ownership interest, in important invention? Phone, CHelsea 3-0336.

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NICK: Sorry about Wednesday. 900 miles too far for lunch. Box 26-B.

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BRITISH UNIVERSITY GRADUATE desires work while writing. Box 56-B.

A TRIOETTE has despaired as yet (22) of meeting intelligent trioet (27). Concluded have we, there be no such three (0). Inform us if you disagree (!) Box 57-B.

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